A. R. Mitchell

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND NEW YORK LIFE

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

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SATURDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 15, 1832.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

The universal approbation bestowed on this spirited and humorous production, induces us to lay before our readers a continuation of Tom's wild adventures, which is thought to surpass all previous numbers. The ever easy and sailor-like joviality, under all circumstances, of this hero of Neptune is most admirably kept up, and the talented author, whoever he may be, seems entirely at home among the quaint idioms and expressive language of mariners. We commend its perusal, with great confidence that all will find it a rare treat of strong humor and touching incident.

NOT EXACTLY STEALING.

"Being rather hard run for 'Life' this week, we *crib* the following 'items' from a New-York paper, which we shall be happy to return."—*Baltimore Visiter of last Saturday.*

Preceded by the above caption, we find the last Visiter enlivened by some dozen or so of "*our own items*," as the knowing ones have it. Their being credited to a "New-York paper" the editors doubtless supposed would be amply sufficient to establish their identity; but we beg leave to inform them, and several others in our eye equally *innocent*, that there are published in the renowned city of Gotham some sixty or seventy weekly papers in the English language, to say nothing of French, Spanish, and German journals, besides our twelve *daily* morning and evening papers. Having but recently acquired "a local habitation and a name," we trust the fraternity will acknowledge, as in duty bound, the humble source from which may emanate any article they may pay us the compliment of transferring to their columns from ours, as an article worth borrowing is certainly worthy of credit.—But to return—

As respects the Baltimore editors, being rather pressed ourselves these cholera times for interesting original matters, we give them "fair warning" of our intention to *crib* the first *racy, spirited* article we find in the Saturday Morning Visiter.

P. S. Sorry we are unable to find an *original one* of this description in the last No. of that paper, now before us. Hope for better luck in future, but with "fear and trembling."

NEW NAMES FOR OLD THINGS.

The bar-room nomenclature has been so metamorphosed of late, that a novice in the "Corinthianism" of Cholera times might go dry from sheer ignorance of names. Drs. Rhinelander and De Kay, having sanctioned the use of wine and brandy as "preventatives," the votaries of "oblivious drinking" have dubbed these liquors *Rhinelander* and *De Kay*, as the following dialogue at a dram-shop will show:

Pluck. Well, Jeffrey, what will you take?

Jeff. Why, I don't care—I'll take Rhinelander.

Pluck. I'll take De Kay, with a few drops of Dr. Channing, [meaning spirits of Camphor.]

DELIGHTFUL PANACEA.—Wadd, in his Memoirs, tells us of a physician who believed (to the great annoyance of prudent mothers) in the very agreeable delusion that life was prolonged by inhaling the breath of beautiful young ladies! and who was so much influenced by this opinion that he actually took lodgings in a Boarding School, that he might never be in want of a constant supply of the proper atmosphere. Careful guardians will look to this, we presume, when selecting a seminary for the education of their fair wards, as there's no telling *how many* are of the *same opinion*. The author of the "Valetudinarian's Guide," Philip Thickness, seems also to have taken a *dose* when opportunity presented, for he says he invariably partook of the breath of the darlings whenever "they lay in his way."

Though disciples of Malthus ourselves, we have come to the conclusion that *repeating the dose* is the only sure and correct method of procedure, which we have determined to make trial of, on the first opportunity. Meanwhile, with all due reverence, we commend the subject to the serious attention of his bachelorship, the editor of the Boston Daily Evening Transcript.

AGREEABLE MISCELLANY.—Coincidences occur at an editor's table now and then that give a singular appearance to his sheet, without his being at all conscious of it himself.

We remarked that the American of Monday, in addition to a column of direful cholera reports, was *seasoned* by the announcement of one "boy drowned," one "melancholy accident" by falling, and *three* "shocking accidents," fully written out, of disastrous chances by fire and flood.

"Two bonnets (says the New-York Standard) were seen in the dress circle of the Park Theatre on Saturday night—the wearers are supposed to have come from Nantucket."

This small joke ruffled the feathers of the editor of the Boston Transcript, who thus drily retorts—

"Very probable. Nobody wears bonnets now-a-days but the Nantucketites. By the bye, private advices inform us that the quantity of *pea nuts* munched the same night by the New-York ladies in the dress circle, was something less than five bushels."

That's right—give it to him, Sir Walter!—Those saucy New-York editors mustn't have the impudence to sport their witticisms at the expense of any poor, defenceless corner of the Bay State!—if they do, they'll catch it from the ingignant and merciless wags of Boston.

REPORT OF INTERMENTS.—By the City Inspector's Report, of the week from the 1st to the 8th inst. it appears that the number of deaths from *Cholera* were 201, being 60 more than the week previous—an increase of the disease which may be attributed in part to the constant increase of our population by the influx of absentees and strangers, but more to the vast quantities of fruit and unhealthy vegetables which "are being" devoured among us at all hours, and to the general relaxation of all precautionary measures. We must still be allowed to persist in the opinion that cucumbers, peaches, and such harmless edibles, have occasioned a great many more deaths than can be attributed to "starvation," although the joke stands rather against us.

MUNIFICENCE.—The late lamented William H. Maynard, says the Albany Journal, has bequeathed twenty thousand dollars to Hamilton College, for the purpose of endowing a Law Professorship in that Institution.

"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT."—A young gentleman, having drank "beyond his ballast," was found asleep in the street at an unseasonable hour. He confessed having been tipsy.

Magistrate—'Young man, you should be sorry.'

"I am sorry."

'You must be fined.'

"I am fined"—and he flung down the money and walked himself off.

THEATRICAL REVENGE.—On one occasion, when Macready was starring it through the country, in England, the well known Billy Lascelles played one of the subordinate characters to his Richard III. The tragedian having given offence, no doubt unintentionally, to Lascelles, the latter determined on a bit of waggery in revenge. Having to deliver the words—

"My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken"—

to which Richard has to reply—

"Off with his head!" &c.—

Billy altered the text a little, saying—

"My lord, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
And we have cut his head off"—

entirely precluding the possibility of reply, to the no small discomfiture of King Richard.

SALMON-HUNTING.

There lives at Whitehaven, England, a fisherman of the name of Graham, who possesses singular skill in what is called salmon-hunting.—When the tide recedes, what fish are left in the shallows are discovered by the agitation of the water; and this man, with a pointed, barbed spear, fixed to a shaft fifteen feet long, plunges into the pools at a trot, up to the belly of his horse. He then makes ready his spear, and when he overtakes the salmon, strikes it with almost unerring aim; that done, by a turn of the hand he raises the salmon to the surface, wheels his horse towards the shore, and runs the fish on dry land without dismounting. He has, by this means, killed from forty to fifty fish in a day.—His father, who is said to have been the first person that ever made salmon killing an equestrian pastime, was living in 1831; and, though then ninety-eight years of age, was so active and dexterous that, armed with his trident and on horseback, he could strike and bring out of the water a fish of considerable weight.

MONSTROUS PIKE.

Col. Thornton, when on his sporting tour among the Highlands, caught a pike of the most extraordinary dimensions in Loch Alva, an account of which he relates with all the spirit of a true sportsman.

After failing in one attempt to take this rare fish, "On the second trip," says he, "I saw a very large fish come at me, and collecting my line, I felt I had him fairly hooked; but I feared he had run himself tight round some root, his weight seemed so dead. We rushed up, therefore, to the spot, where he soon convinced me he was at liberty, by running me so far into the lake that I had not one more inch of line to give him. The servants, foreseeing the consequences of my situation, rowed with great expedition towards the fish, which now rose about seventy yards from us, an absolute wonder! I relied on my tackle, which I knew was in every respect excellent, as I had, in consequence of the large pike killed the day before, put on hooks and gimp, adjusted with great care; a precaution which would have been thought superfluous in London, as it certainly was for most lakes, though here barely equal to my fish. After playing him for some time, I gave the rod to Capt. Waller, that he might have the honor of landing him, for I thought him quite exhausted; when, to our surprise, we were again constrained to follow the monster nearly across this great lake, having the wind, too, much against us. The whole party were now in high blood, and the delightful Ville de Paris (one of the Colonel's boats) quite unmanageable; frequently he flew out of the water to such a height that, though I knew the uncommon strength of my tackle, I dreaded losing such an extraordinary fish, and the anxiety of our little crew was equal to mine.

After about an hour and a quarter's play, however, we might safely attempt to land him; which was done in the following manner: Newmarket, a lad so called from the place of his nativity, who had now come to assist, I ordered, with another servant, to strip, and wade in as far as possible, which they readily did. In the mean time I took the landing-net, while Captain Waller, judiciously ascending the hill above, drew him gently towards us. He approached the shore very quietly, and we thought him quite safe; when, seeing himself surrounded by enemies, he in an instant made a last desperate effort, shot into the deep again, and in the exertion threw one of the men on his back. His immense size was now very apparent; and we proceeded with all due caution. Being once more drawn towards land, I tried to get his head into the net, upon effecting which the servants were ordered to seize his tail, and slide him on shore. I took all imaginable pains to accomplish this, but in vain, and began to think myself strangely awkward, when at length, having got his *snout* in, I discovered that the hoop of the net, though adapted to a very large pike, would admit no more than that part. He was however completely spent, and in a few moments we landed him, a perfect monster. He was stabbed by my direction in the spinal marrow, with a large knife, which appeared to be the most humane manner of killing him, and I then ordered all the signals with the *sky-scrapers* to be hoisted; and the whoop re-echoed through the whole range of the Grampians.'

On opening the jaws to endeavor to take the hooks from him, which were both fast in his gorges, so dreadful a forest of teeth, or tushes, I think I never beheld. His measurement, accurately taken, was five feet four inches from his eye to the fork of his tail. His weight was between forty-seven and forty-eight pounds."

From Blackwood's Magazine, for August.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

CUBA FISHERMEN.

It was now five in the afternoon and the breeze continued to fall, and the sea to go down, until sunset, by which time we had run the corvette hull down, and the schooner nearly out of sight. Right a-head rose the highlands of Cuba, to the westward of Cape Maise, clear and well defined against the northern sky, and as we neither hauled our wind to weather the east end of the island, nor edged away for St. Jago, it was evident, beyond all doubt, that we were running right in for some one of the piratical haunts on the Cuba coast.

The crew now set to work and removed the remains of their late messmate, and the two wounded men, from where they lay on the ballast in the Run, to their own berth forward in the bows of the little vessel; they then replaced the planks which they had started, and arranged the dead body of the mate along the cabin floor, close to which I lay, faint and bleeding, and more heavily bruised than I had at first thought.

The captain was still at the helm: he had never spoken a word either to me or any of the crew, since he had taken the trifling liberty of shooting me through the neck, and no thanks to him that the wound was not mortal; but he now resumed his American accent, and began to drawl out the necessary orders for repairing damages.

When I went on deck shortly afterwards, I was surprised beyond measure to perceive the slight injury the little vessel had sustained, and the uncommon speed, handiness, and skill, with which it had been repaired. However lazily the command might appear to have been given, the execution of it was quick as lightning. The crew, now reduced to ten working hands, had, with an almost miraculous promptitude, knotted and spliced the rigging, mended and shifted sails, fished the sprung and wounded spars, and plugged and nailed lead over the shot holes, and all within half an hour. I don't like Americans; I never did, and never shall like them; I have seldom or never met with an American gentleman; I have no wish to eat with them, drink with them, deal with, or consort with them in any way; but let me tell the whole truth, *nor fight* with them, were it not for the laurels to be acquired, by overcoming an enemy so brave, determined and alert, and every way so worthy of one's steel, as they have always proved. One used to fight with a Frenchman, as a matter of course, and for the fun of the thing, as it were, never dreaming of the possibility of Johnny Crapeau beating us, where there was any thing approaching to an equality of force; but, say as much as we please about larger ships, and more men, and a variety of excuses which proud John Bull, with some truth very often I will admit, has pertinaciously thrust forward to palliate his losses during the late short war, a regard for truth and fair dealing, which I hope are no scarce qualities amongst British seamen, compels me to admit that although I would of course peril my life and credit more readily with an English crew, yet I believe a feather would turn the scale between the two countries, so far as courage and seamanship goes; and let it not be forgotten, although we have now gained our superiority in this respect, yet, in gunnery, and small-arm practice, we were as thoroughly weathered by the Americans during the war, as we overstepped them in the bull-dog courage, with which our boarders handled those genuine English weapons, the cutlass and the pike.

After the captain had given his orders, and seen the men fairly at work, he came down to the cabin, still ghastly and pale, but with none of that ferocity stamped on his grim features, from the outpouring of which I had suffered so severely. He never once looked my way, no more than if I had been a bundle of old junk; but folding his hands on his knee, he sat down on a small locker, against which the feet of the dead man rested, and gazed earnestly on his face, which was immediately under the open sky light, through which by this time, the clear cold rays of the moon streamed full on it, the short twilight having already fled, chained as it is in these climates to the chariot wheels of the burning sun.

[The emotion of the captain and the burial of the mate are described at length.]

When this was done, (the burial) the captain returned to the cabin, bringing a light with him, filled and drank off a glass of strong grog. Yet he did not even now deign to notice me, which was by no means soothing; and I found, that, since he would nt speak, I must, at all hazards.

"I say, Obed, do you ever read your Bible?" He looked steadily at me with his lackluster eyes. "Because if you do, you may perhaps have fallen in with some such passages as the following:—'Behold I am in your hand; but know ye for certain, that if ye put me to death, ye shall surely bring innocent blood upon yourselves.'"

"It is true Mr Cringle, I feel the truth of it here," and he laid his large bony hand on his heart. "Yet I do not ask you to forgive me; I don't expect that you can or will; but unless the devil gets possession of me again—which, so sure as ever there was a demoniac in this world, he had this afternoon when you so tempted me—I hope soon to place you in safety, either in a friendly port, or on board of a British vessel; and then what becomes of me is of little consequence, now since the only living soul who cared a dollar for me is at rest amongst the coral branches at the bottom of the deep green sea.

"Why, man," rejoined I, "leave off this stuff; something has turned your brain, surely; people must die in their beds you know, if they be not shot, or put out of the way somehow or other; and as for my small affair, why I forgive you, man—from my heart I forgive you; were it only for the oddity of your wanting, mental and corporeal, I would do so; and you see I am not much hurt,—so lend me a hand like a good fellow to wash the wound with a little spirits—it will stop the bleeding, and the stiffness will soon go off—so"——

"Lieutenant Cringle, I need not tell what I know you have found out, that I am *not* the vulgar Yankee smuggler, fit only to be made a butt of by you and your friends, nor that you no doubt at first took me for; but who or what I am, or what I may have been, you shall never know.

* * * * *

By this time we were well in with the Cuba shore; the land might be two miles from us, as we could see the white surf. Out at sea, although all around was clear as crystal, there was nothing to be seen of the Gleam or Firebrand, but there were ten or twelve fishing canoes, each manned with from four to six hands, close aboard of us; we seemed to have got becalmed in the middle of a small fleet of them. The nearest to us hailed in Spanish, in a very friendly way,—"Como estamos Capitan, que hay de nueve; hay algo de bueno, para los pobres Pescadores?" and the fellow who had spoken, laughed loudly. The Captain desired him to come on board, and then drew him aside, conversing earnestly with him. The Spanish fisherman was a very powerful man; he was equipped in a blue cotton shirt, Osnaburg trowsers, sandals of untanned bullock's hide, a straw hat, and wore the eternal greasy red sash and long knife. He was a bold, daring-looking fellow, and frequently looked frowningly on me, and shook his head impatiently, while the Captain, as it seemed, was explaining to him who I was. Just in this nick of time my friend Potomac handed up my uniform coat. I had previously been performing my ablutions on deck in my shirt and trowsers, which I put on, swab and all, thinking no harm. But there must have been mighty great offence nevertheless, for the fisherman, in a twinkling, casting a fierce look at me, jumped overboard like a feather, clearing the rail like a flying fish, and swam to his canoe, that had shoved off a few paces.

When he got on board he stood up and shook his clenched fist at Obed, shouting, 'Picaro, Traidor, Ingleses hay abordo, quieres enganarnos?' He then held up the blade of his paddle, a signal which all the canoes answered in a moment in the same manner, and then pulled towards the land, from whence a felucca, invisible until that moment, now swept out, as if she had floated up to the surface by magic, for I could see neither creek nor indentation on the shore, nor the smallest symptom of any entrance to a port or cove. For a few minutes the canoes clustered round this necromantic craft, and I could notice that two or three hands from each of them jumped on board; they then paddled off in a string, and vanished one by one amongst the mangrove bushes as suddenly as the felucca had appeared. All this puzzled me exceedingly—I looked at Obed—he was evidently sorely perplexed. "I had thought to have put you on board a British vessel before this, or failing that, to have run down, and landed you at St. Jago, Mr. Cringle, as I promised, but you see I am prevented by these *honest* men there; get below, and as you value your life, and, I may say, mine, keep your temper, and be civil." I did as he suggested, but peeped out of the cabin skylight to see what was going on, notwithstanding. The felucca I could see was armed with a heavy carronade and pivot, and as full of men as she could hold, fierce, half-naked, savage-looking fellows, as one could desire to see—she swept rapidly up to us, and closing on our larboard quarter, threw about five-and-twenty of her genteel young people on board, who immediately secured the crew, and seized Obed. However, they, that is, the common sailors, seemed to have no great stomach for the job, and had it not been for the fellow I had frightened overboard, I don't think one of them would have touched him. Obed bore all this with great equanimity.

"Why, Francisco," he said, to this personage, in good Spanish, "why, what madness is this? your suspicions are groundless; it is as I tell you, he is my prisoner, and whatever he may have been to me, he can be no spy on you."

"Cuchillo entonces," was the savage reply.

"No, no," persisted Obediah, "get cool, I am pledged that no harm shall come to him; and further, I have promised to put him ashore at St. Jago, and I *will* be as good as my word."

"You can't if you would," rejoined Francisco; "the Snake is at anchor under the Moro."

"Then he must go with us."

"We shall see as to that," said the other; then raising his voice, he shouted to his ragamuffins, "Comrades, we are betrayed; there is an English officer on board, who can be nothing but a spy—follow me!"

And he dashed down the companion ladder, knife in hand, while I sprung through the small scuttle, like a rat out of one hole when a ferret is put in at the other, and crept as close to Obed as I could; Francisco, when he missed me, came on deck again. The captain had now seized a cutlass in one hand, and held a cocked pistol in the other. It appeared he had greater control, the nature of which I now began to comprehend, over the felucca's people, than Francisco bargained for, as the moment the latter went below, they released him, and went forward in a body. My persecutor again advanced close up to me, and seized me by the collar with one hand, and tried to drag me forward, brandishing his naked hand aloft in the other.

Obed promptly caught his sword-arm—"Francisco," he exclaimed, still in Spanish, "fool, madman, let go your hold! let go, or by the Heaven above us, and the bell we are both hastening to, I will strike you dead."

The man paused, and looked round to his own people, and seeing one or two encouraging glances and gestures amongst them, he again attempted to drag me away from my hold on the tafferel. Something flashed in the sun, and the man fell! His left arm, the hand of which still clutched my throat, while mine grasped its wrist, had been shred from his body by Obed's cutlass, like a twig, and, oh God, my blood curdles to my heart, even now, when I think of it, the dead fingers kept the grasp sufficiently long to allow the arm to fall heavily against my side, where it hung for some seconds, until the muscles relaxed and it dropped on the deck. The instant that Obed struck the blow, he caught hold of my hand, threw away his cutlass, and advanced towards the group of the felucca's men, pistol in hand.

"Am I not your Captain, ye cowards—have I ever deceived you yet—have I ever flinched from heading you where the danger was greatest—have you not all that I am worth in your hands, and will you murder me now?"

"Viva, el noble Capitan, viva!"

And the tide turned as rapidly in our favor as it had lately ebbed against us.

"As for that scoundrel, he has got no more than he deserves," said he, turning to where Francisco lay, bleeding like a carcass in the shambles; "but tie up his arm some of ye, I would be sorry if he bled to death."

It was unavailing, the large arteries had emptied his whole life blood—he had already gone to his account. This most miserable transaction, with all its concomitant horrors, to my astonishment, did not seem to make much impression on Obed, who now turning to me said, with perfect composure,—

"You have there another melancholy voucher for my sincerity," pointing to the body; "but time presses, and you must now submit to be blindfolded, and that without further explanation at present."

[This was done, and the felucca was then swept on shore, and entering a long narrow cove, or rather creek, made its way to the secret retreat of the pirates. He was then permitted to go on deck.]

We were anchored nearly in the centre of a shallow swampy lagoon, about a mile across, as near as I could judge; two very large schooners, heavily armed, were moored a-head of us, one on each bow, and another under our stern; they all had sails bent, and every thing apparently in high order, and were full of men. The shore to the distance of a bow-shot from the water all around us, was low, marshy, and covered with an impervious jungle of thick strong reeds and wild canes, with here and there a thicket of mangroves; a little farther off the land swelled into lofty hills covered to the very summit with heavy timber, but every thing had a moist, green, steamy appearance, as if it had been the region of perpetual rain. "Lots of yellow fever here," thought I, as the heavy rank smell of decayed vegetable matter came off, on the faint sickly breeze, and the sluggish fog banks crept along the dull clay-colored motionless surface of the tepid water. The sea view was quite shut out—I looked all around and could discern no vestige of the entrance. Right ahead there was about a furlong of land cleared at the only spot which one could call a beach, that is, a hard shore and pebbles. Had you tried to get ashore at any other point, your fate would have been that of the Master of Ravenswood; as fatal, that is, without the gentility; for you would have been suffocated in black mud, in place of clean sea sand. There was a long shed in the centre of this cleared spot, covered in with boards, and thatched with palm leaves; it was open below, a sort of capstan house, where a vast quantity of sails, anchors, cordage, and most kinds of sea stores were stowed, carefully covered over with tarpauling. Overhead there was a flooring laid along the coupics of the roof, the whole length of the shed, forming a loft of sixty feet long, divided by bulkheads into a variety of apartments, lit by a small rude window in the thatch, where the crews of the vessels, I concluded, were occasionally lodged during the time they might be under repair. The boat was manned, and Obed took me ashore with him. We landed near the shed I have described, beneath which we encountered about forty of the most uncouth and ferocious looking rascals that my eyes had ever been blessed withal; they were of every shade, from the woolly negro and longhaired Indian, to the sallow American and fair Biscayan; and as they intermitted their various occupations of mending sails, fitting and stretching rigging, splicing ropes, making spun-yarn, coopering gun-carriages, grinding pikes and cutlasses, and filling cartridges, to look at me, they grinned and nodded to each other and made sundry signs and gestures, which made me regret many a past peccadillo that in more prosperous times I little thought on or repented of, and I internally prayed that I might be prepared to die as became a man, for my fate appeared to be sealed.

[He was confined in the loft of one of the huts, until Obed should find it safe to release him, but has books and good feed; his sleep however is disturbed.]

It must have been towards morning, from the damp freshness of the air that came through the open window, when I was roused by the howling of a dog, a sound which always moves me. I shook myself; but before I was thoroughly awake, it ceased; it appeared to have been close under my window.

I was turning to go to sleep again, when a female, in a small suppressed voice, sung a snatch of a vulgar Port-Royal ditty, which I could not forgive myself for introducing here to polite society.

"Young hôfficer come home at night,
Him give me rin; and kisses;
Nine months, one picaniny white,
Him white almost like missee.
But Missee fum my back wid switch.
Him say he shold for massa;
But massa say him——"

The singer broke off suddenly, as if disturbed by the approach of some one.

"Hush, hush, you old foolish"——said a man's voice, in the same low whispering tone, "you will waken de drunken sentry dere, when we shall all be pot in iron. Hush, he will know my voice more better."

It was now clear that some one wished to attract my attention; besides, I had a dreary recollection of having heard both the male and female voices before. I listened therefore, all alive. The man began to sing in the same low tone,

"Newfoundland dog love him massa de morest
Of all the dog ever I ever I see:
Let him starve him, and kick him, and cuff him de sorest,
Difference none never make to he."

There was a pause for a minute or two.

"It no use," the same voice continued; "him, either no dere, or he won't hear us."

"Stop" said the female, "stop; woman head good for something. I know who he shall hear. Here good dog, sing psalm; good dog sing psalm," and thereupon a long loud melancholy howl rose wailing through the night air.

"If that be not my dear dog Sneezer, it is a deuced good imitation of him," thought I.

The woman then spoke again,—"Yowl leetle piece more, good dog," and the howl was again repeated.

I was now certain. By this time I had risen and stood at the open window; but it was too dark to see any thing distinctly below. I could barely distinguish two dark figures, and what I concluded was the dog sitting on end between them.

"Who are you? what do you want with me?"

"Speak softly massa, speak softly, or the sentry may hear us, for all he rum I give him."

Here the dog recognised me, and nearly spoilt our sport altogether; indeed might have cost us our lives, for he began to bark and frisk about, and to leap violently against the end of the capstan house, in vain endeavors to reach the window.

"Down Sneezer, down sir; you used to be a dog of some sense."

[It proves to be an old friend, Peter Mango, the black pilot and his wife, who come to assist his escape.]

My heart jumped against my ribs. Here's an unexpected chance, thought I. "But, Peter, how in the name of mumbo jumbo, came you here."

"Why massa, I was out in de Pilot boat schooner, wid my wife here, and five more hands waiting for de outward bound, tinking no harm, when dem piratical rascal catch we, and carry us off. Yankee pirateer bad enough; but who ever heard of pilot being carry off? blasphemy dat, to carry off pilot! Who ever dream of such a ting! every shiverlized people respect pilot—carry off pilot's—oh Lord—" and he groaned in spirit for several seconds.

"And the dog," enquired I.

"Oh, massa, I could not leave him at home; and since you was good enough to board him wid us, he has messed wid us, ay and slept wid us; and when we started last, although he showed some dislike at going on board, I had only to say Sneezer, we go look for your master; and he make such a bound, dat he capsize my old woman dere, heel over head; oh dear, what display, Nancy, you was exhibit!"

"Hold your tongue, Peter; you hab no decency, you old willain,"

"Well but Peter, speak out; when are we to make the attempt? where are the rest of your crew?"

"Oh dear! oh dear! dat side de worstest; oh dear!" and he began to cry, and sob like a very child. "Oh, massa"—after he had somewhat recovered himself:—"Oh massa, dear people devile. Why, dey make all de oder on board walk de plank, wid two ten pound shot, one at each foot! Oh, if you had seen de clear shining blue skin, as de became leetle and leetle, and more leetler, down far in de clear green sea! Oh dear! oh dear! Only to tink dat each wavering black spot was fellow creature like one-self, wid de heart a bleed warm in his bosoms at de very instant of time we lose sight of him forever."

[The plan of escape is arranged, and Master Cringle turns in and sleeps until he is summoned to breakfast by his host, and the gentlemen are doing Justice to very good fare.]

"Did you hear that, Mr. Cringle?"

"Hear what? I heard nothing" rejoined I: "but hand me over that land crab. Thank you, and you may send the spawl of that creeping along with it; that guana. I had a dislike to eating a lizard at first, but I have got over it somehow;—and a thin slice of him, a small taste of the unclean beast, Obed—peach fed, I'll warrant."

There was a pause. The report of a great gun came booming along, reverberating from side to side of the lagoon, the echoes growing shorter and shorter, and weaker and weaker, until they growled themselves to sleep in a hollow rumble like distant thunder.

"Ha, ha! Dick Gasket, for a thousand! Old Blowhard has stuck in your skirts, Master Obed, but Lord help us, man! let us finish our breakfast; he won't be here this half hour."

I expected to see mine host's forehead lowering like a thunder cloud from my ill-timed funning; but to my surprise, his countenance exhibited more amenity than I thought had been in the nature of the beast, as he replied,—

"Why, Lieutenant, the felucca put to sea last night, to keep a bright look-out at the mouth of the cove here. I suppose that is him overhauling some vessel."

"It may be so;—hush! there's another gun—two!"

Obed changed countenance at the double report.

"I say Obed, the felucca did not carry more than one gun when I saw her, and she has had no time to load and fire again."

He did not answer a word, but continued, with a piece of guana on the end of his fork in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other, as if he had been touched by the wand of a magician. Presently we heard one or two drooping shots, quickly thickening into a rattle of musketry. He threw down his food, picked up his hat, and trundled down stairs, as if the devil had kicked him. "Pedro que hay," I could hear him say to some one below, who appeared to have arrived in great haste for he gasped for breath—

"Si, si viene la felucha," answered Pedro; "per seguido por dos Lanchas Canoneras llenas de Gente."

"Abordo entonces, Abordo todo el mundo, arma, arma, aqui vienen los Engleses, arma, arma."

And all from that instant was a regular hillabaloo. The drums on board the schooners beat to quarters, a great bell which had been slung on the fork of a tree, formerly the ornament of some goodly ship, no doubt, clanged away at a furious rate, the crews were urging to and fro, shouting to each other in Creole Spanish and Yankee English, while every cannon shot from the felucca or the boats came louder and louder, and the small arms peppered away sharper and sharper. The shouts of the men engaged, both friends and foes were now heard, and could hear Obed's voice on board the largest schooner, which lay full in view from my window, giving orders, not only to his own crew, but to those of the others. I heard him distinctly sing out, after ordering them to haul upon the spring on his cable, "Now, men I need not tell you to fight bravely, for if you are taken every devil o' you will be hanged, so hoist away the signal," and a small black ball flew up through the rigging until it reached the maintop-gallant-mast head; the schooner, where it hung a moment, and in the next blew out a large *black* swallow-tailed flag, like a commodore's broad pennant. "Now," shrieked he, "let me see who dares give in with his voucher for his honesty flying aloft!"

I twisted and craned myself out of the window, to get a view of what was going on elsewhere; however, I could see nothing but Obed's large schooner from it, all the other craft were out of the range of my eye, being hid by the projecting roof of the shed. The noise continued—the shouting rose higher than ever—the other schooners opened their fire, both cannon and musketry; and from the increasing vehemence of the Spanish exclamations, and the cheering on board Obed's vessel, I concluded the attacking party were having the worst of it. My dog Sneezer now came jumping and scrambling up the trap-door, his paws slipping between the bars at every step, his mouth wide open, and his tongue hanging out, while he barked, and yelled, and gasped to get at me, as if his life depended on it. After him I could see the round woolly pate of Peter Mango, Esq. as excited apparently as the dog, and as anxious to get up; but they got jammed together in the small hatch, and stuck there man and beast—At length Peter spoke—"Now sir, now, Nancy has run on before to the beach with two paddles; now for it, now for it." Down trundled master, dog, and pilot. By this time there was no one in the lower part of the shed, which was full of smoke, while the infernal tumult on the water still raged as furiously as ever, the shot of all sorts and sizes hissing and splashing, and *ricochetting* along the smooth surface of the harbor, as if there had been a select of musket, cannon balls and grape. Peter struck out at the top of his speed, Sneezer and I followed; we soon reached the jungle, dashed through a path that had been recently cleared with a cutlass, or billhook, for the twigs were freshly shred, and in about ten minutes reached the high wood. However, no rest for the wicked, although the row seemed lessening now. "Some one has got the worst of it," said I.

"Never mind master quoth Peter, "or we shan't get de better out ourself." And away we galloped again, until I had scarcely a rag an inch square on my back, or any where else, and my skin was torn in pieces by the prickly bushes and spear grass. The sound of firing now ceased entirely, although there was loud shouting now and then still.

"Push on massa—dem will soon miss we."

"True enough, Peter—but what is that?" as we came to a bundle of clouts wallopping about in the morass.

"Dedebil it must be, I tink," said the pilot. "No, my Nancy it is, sticking in the mud up to her waist; what shall us do? you tink, massa, we hab time for can stop to pick she out?"

"Heaven have mercy, Peter—yes unquestionably."

"Well, massa, you know best." So we tugged at the sable heroine, and first one leg came home out of the tenacious clay, with a *plop*, then the other was drawn out of the quagmire. We then relieved her of the paddles, and each taking hold of the poor half-dead creature's hands, we succeeded in getting down to the beach, about half a mile to leeward of the entrance to the cove. We found the canoe there, plumped Nancy stern foremost into the bottom of it for ballast, gathered all our remaining energies for a grand shove, and ran her like lightning into the surf, till the water flashed over and over us, reaching to our necks. Next moment we were both swimming, and the canoe, although full of water, beyond the surf, rising and falling on the long swell. We scrambled on board, set Nancy to bale with Peter's hat, seized our paddles, and sculled away like fury for ten minutes right out to sea, without looking once about us, until a musket-shot whistled over our heads, then another, and a third; and I had just time to hold up a white handkerchief, to prevent a whole platoon being let drive at us from the deck of his Britannic Majesty's schooner Gleam, lying about a cable's length to windward of us, with the Firebrand a mile astern of her out at sea. In five minutes we got on board of the former.

"Mercy on me, Tom Cringle, and is this the way we are to meet again?" said old Dick Gasket, as he held out his large, bony, sun burnt hand to me. "You have led me a nice dance, in a vain attempt to redeem you from bondage, *Tom*; but I am delighted to see you, although I have not had the credit of being your deliverer—very glad to see you, Tom; but come along, men, come down with me, and let me rig you, not quite a Stulze's fit, you know, but a jury-rig—you shall have as good as Dick Gasket's kit can furnish forth, for really you are in a miserable plight, man."

"Bad enough indeed, Mr. Gasket—many thanks though—bad enough as you say; but I would that your boats' crew were in as good a plight."

Mr. Gasket looked earnestly at me—"Why, I have my own misgivings, Mr. Cringle; this morning at day-break, the Firebrand in company, fell in with an armed felucca. It was dead calm, and she was out of gunshot, close in with the land. The Firebrand immediately sent the cutter on board, fully armed, with instructions to me to man the launch, and arm her with the boat-gun, and then to send both boats to overhaul the felucca. I did so, standing in as quickly as the light air would take me, to support them; the felucca all this while sweeping in shore as fast as she could pull. But the boats were too nimble for her, and our launch had already saluted her twice from the six-pounder in the bow, when the sea-breeze came thundering down in a white squall, that reefed our gaff topsail in a trice, and blew away a whole lot of light sails, like so many paper kites. When it cleared away, the devil a felucca, boat, or any thing else, was to be seen. Capsized they could not have been, for all three were not likely to have gone that way; and as to any creek they could have run into, why we could see none. That they had pulled in shore, however, was our conclusion; but here have we been the whole morning, firing signal guns every five minutes without success."

"Did you hear no firing after the squall," said I.

"Why, some of my people thought they did, but it was that hollow, tremulous, reverberating sound, that it might have been thunder; and the breeze blew too strong to have allowed us to hear musketry a mile and a half to windward of them. I did think I saw some smoke rise, and blow off now and then, but"——

"But me no buts, Master Richard Gasket; Peter Mangrove here, as well as myself, saw your people pursue the felucca into the lion's den, and I fear they have been crushed in his jaws." I briefly related what we had seen—Gasket was in great distress.

"They must have been taken, Mr. Cringle.—The fools, to allow themselves to be trepanned in this way! we must stand out and speak the corvette. All hands, make sail!"

I could not help smiling at the grandeur of Dick's emphasis on the *all*, when twenty hands, one third of them boys, and the others landsmen, scrambled up from below, and began to pull and haul in no very seamanlike fashion. He noticed it. "Ah, Tom, I know what you are grinning at, but I fear it has been no laughing matter to my poor boat's crew—all my best hands gone, God help me!"

Presently being under the Firebrand's lee quarter, we lowered down the boat and went on board, where, for the first time the extreme ludicrousness of my appearance and following flashed on me. There we were all in a bunch, the dog, Mr. and Mrs. Mangrove, and Thomas Cringle, gent.; such in appearance as I shall shortly describe them.

Old Richard Gasket, Esq., first clambered up the side, and made his bow to the Hon. Captain N——, who was standing near the gangway, on the snow-white deck, whose every thing was in the most apple-pie order, himself, both in mind and apparel, the most polished concern in the ship, amidst a group of officers; while the whole crew, with the exception of the unfortunate absentees in the cutter, were scrambling to get a good view of us.

I have already said, that my uniform was torn to pieces; trousers ditto; my shoes had parted company in the quagmire; and as for hat, it was left in my cot. I had a dirty bandage tied round my neck, performing the twofold office of a cravat and a dressing to my wound; while the blood from the scratches had dried into black streaks adown and across my face and paws, and I was altogether so begrimed with mud that my mother would not have known me. Dick made his salam, and then took up a position beside the sally port, with an important face, like a showman exhibiting wild beasteses, a regular "stir-him-up-with-a-long-pole" sort of look. I followed him—"Th-s is Lieutenant Cringle, Captain N——."

"The devil it is!" said N——, trying in vain to keep his gravity. "Why, I see it is—How do you do, Mr. Cringle? glad to see you."

"This is Peter Mangrove, branch-pilot," continued Gasket, as Peter, bowing, tried to slide past out of sight.

Till this instant I had not had time to look at him—he was even a much queerer-looking figure than myself. He had been encumbered with no garment beside his trowsers when we started, and these had been reduced in the scramble through the brake, to a waistband and two kneebands, from which a few shreds fluttered in the breeze,

the rest of his canvass having been entirely torn out of the bolt ropes. For an upper dress he had borrowed a waistcoat without sleeves from the purser of the schooner, which hung loose and unbuttoned before, while behind, being somewhat of the shortest, some very prominent parts of the stern frame were discovered, as even an apology for a shirt had he none.

Next came the female—"This is the pilot's wife, Captain N——," again sung out old Dick; but decency won't let me venture on a description of poor Nancy's equipment, beyond mentioning, that one of the Gleam's crew had given her a pair of old trowsers, which, as a sailor has no bottom, and Nancy was not a sailor, were most ludicrously scanty at top, and devil another rag of any kind had the poor creature on, but a handkerchief across her bosom. There was no standing all this; the crew forward and in the waist were all on the broad grin, while the officers, after struggling to maintain their gravity until they were nearly suffocated, fairly gave in, and the whole ship echoed with the most uproarious laughter; a young villain, whether a Mid or no I could not tell, yelling out in the throng, "Hurrah for Tom Cringle's Tail!"

I was fairly beginning to lose countenance, when up jumped Sneezer to my relief out of the boat, with an old cocked hat lashed on his head, a marine's jacket buttoned round his body, and his coal-black muzzle bedaubed with pipe-clay, regularly monkeyfied, the momentary handiwork of some wicked little reefers, while a small pipe sung out quietly, as if not intended to reach the quarter-deck, although it did so, "And here comes the *last joint* of Mr. Cringle's Tail." The dog began floundering and jumping about, and walloping amongst the people, most of whom knew him, and immediately drew their attention from me and my party to himself; for away they all bundled forward, dog and men tumbling and scrambling about like so many children, leaving the coast clear to me and my attendants. The absurdity of the whole exhibition had for an instant, even under the very nose of a proverbially taught hand, led to freedoms which I had believed impossible in a man of war. However, there was too much serious matter in hand, independently of any other consideration, to allow the merriment created by our appearance to last long. Captain N——, immediately on being informed how matters stood, with seamanlike promptitude determined to lighten the Gleam, and send her in with the boats, for the purpose of destroying the haunt of the pirates, and recovering the men, if they were still alive; but before any thing could be done, it came on to blow, and for a week we had great difficulty in maintaining our position off the coast against the strength of the gale and lee current.

It was on the Sunday morning after I had escaped that it moderated sufficiently for our purpose, when both vessels stood close in, and Peter and I were sent to reconnoitre the entrance of the port in the gig. Having sounded and taken the bearings of the land, we returned on board, when the Gleam's provisions were taken out and her water started. The ballast was then shifted, so as to bring her by the head, that she might thus draw less water by being on an even keel, all sharp vessels of her class requiring much deeper water aft than forward; the corvette's launch, with a 12-pound carronade fitted, was then manned and armed with thirty seamen and marines, under the command of the second lieutenant; the jolly boat, and the two quarter boats, each with 12 men, followed in a string, under the third lieutenant, the master, and the senior midshipman; thirty picked hands were added to the schooner's crew, and I was desired to take the gig, with six smart hands and Peter Mangrove, and to accompany the whole as pilot; but to pull out of danger so soon as the action commenced, so as to be ready to help any disabled boat, or to carry orders from the commanding officer. At nine in the morning, we gave three cheers, and leaving the corvette, with barely forty hands on board, the Gleam made sail towards the harbor's mouth, with the boats in tow; but when we got within musket shot of the entrance, the breeze failed us, when the order of sailing was reversed, the boats now taking the schooner in tow, preceded by your humble servant in the gig. We dashed safely through the small canal of blue water, which divided the surf at the harbor's mouth, having hit it to a nicety; but when about a pistol shot from the entrance, the channel narrowed to a muddy creek not more than twenty yards wide, with high trees and thick underwood close to the water's edge.—All was silent, the sun shone down upon us like the concentrated rays of a burning glass, and there was no breeze to dissipate the heavy dark mist that hovered over the surface of the unwholesome canal, nor was there any appearance of a living thing, save and except a few startled water-fowl, and some guanoes on the trees, and now and then an alligator like a black log of charred wood, would roll off a slimy bank of brown mud, with a splash into the water. We rowed on, the schooner every now and then taking the ground, but she was always quickly warped off again by a kedge; at length, after we had in all proceeded it might be about a mile from the beach, we came to a boom of strong timber clamped with iron, stretching across the creek. We were prepared for this; one of two old 32-pound carronades, which, in anticipation of some obstruction of the sort, had been got on deck from amongst the Gleam's ballast, and properly slung, was now made fast of the middle timber of the boom, and let go, when the weight of it sunk it to the bottom and we passed on. We pulled on for about half a mile further, when I noticed, high up on a sunny cliff, that shot boldly out into the clear blue heavens, a small red flag suddenly run up to the top of a tall, scathed, branchless palm tree, where it flared for a moment in the breeze like the flame of a torch, and then as suddenly disappeared.—"Come they are on the look out for us I see."—The hills continued to close on us as we advanced, and that so precipitously that we might have been crushed to pieces had half a dozen active fellows, without any risk to themselves, for the trees would have screened them, simply loosened some of the fragments of rock that impended over us, so threatingly, it seemed, as if a little finger could have sent them bounding and thundering down the mountain side; but this either was not the game of the people we were in search of, or Obed's spirit and energy had been crushed out of him by the heart-depressing belief that his hours were numbered, for no active obstruction was offered. We now suddenly rounded an abrupt corner of the creek, and there we were full in view of the schooners, who, with the felucca in advance, were lying in line of battle, with springs on their cables. The horrible black pennant was, in the present instance, nowhere to be seen; indeed, why such an impolitic step as ever to have shown it at all was taken in the first attack, I never could understand, for the force was too small to have created any serious fear of being captured, (unless indeed it had been taken for an advanced guard, supported by a stronger,) while it must have appeared probable to Obediah, that the loss of the two boats would in all likelihood lead to a more powerful attempt, when, if it were successful, the damning fact of having fought under such an infernal emblem must have insured a pirate's death on the gibbet to every soul who was taken, unless he had intended to have murdered all the witnesses of it. But since proof in my person and the pilot's existed now, if ever, was the time for mortal resistance, and to have hoisted it, for they knew that they all fought with halters about their necks. They had all the Spanish flag flying except the Wave, which showed American colors, and the felucca, which had a white flag hoisted, from which last, whenever our gig appeared, a canoe shoved off, and pulled towards us. The officer, if such he might be called, also held a white flag in his hand. He was a daring-looking fellow, and dashed up along side of me. The incomprehensible folly of trying at this time of day to cloak the real character of the vessels, puzzled me and does so to this hour. I have never got a clew to it, unless it was that Obed's strong mind had given way before his superstitious fears, and others had now assumed the right of both judging and acting for him on this closing scene. He at once recognized me, but seemed neither surprised or disconcerted at seeing me, or the strength of the force which accompanied me. He asked me in Spanish if I commanded it; I told him I did not, that the captain of the schooner was the senior officer, "Then you will be good enough, Mr. Cringle, to go on board with me, to interpret for me?" "Certainly sir." In half a minute we were both on the Gleam's deck, the crew of the boats that had her in tow lying on their oars. "You are the commander of this force?" said the Spaniard. "I am," said old Gasket, who had figged himself out in full puff after the manner of the ancients, as if he had been going to church, instead of to fight; "and who the d——l are you?" I command one of these Spanish schooners, sir, which your boats so unwarrantably attacked a week ago, although you are at peace with Spain. But even had they been enemies, they were in a friendly port, which should have protected them." "All very good o'sta'rs," quoth old Dick; "and pray was it an honest trick of you, or your friend, to cabbage my young friend, Lieutenant Cringle there, as if you had been slavers kidnapping the Bungoes in the Bight of Biafra, and then to fire on and murder my people when sent to claim him?" "As to carrying off that young gentleman, it was no affair of ours: he was brought away by the master of that American schooner; but so far as regards firing on your people, I believe they fired first. But they are not murdered; on the contrary, they have been well used, and are now on board that felucca. I am come to surrender the whole fifteen to you." "The *whole fifteen!* and what have you made of the other twelve?" "Gastados," said the fellow, with all the sang froid in the world, "gastados, (spent or expended) by their own folly."

"Oh they are *expended*, are they? then give us the *fifteen*,"—Certainly, but you will in this case withdraw your force, of course?" "We shall see about that,—go and send us the men."—He jumped into the canoe and shoved off;—whenever he reached the felucca, he struck the white flag, and hoisted the Spanish in its stead, and by hauling on a spring, he brought her to cover the largest schooner so effectually that we could not fire a shot at her without going through the felucca. We could see all the men leave this latter vessel in two canoes, and go on board of one of the other craft. There was now no time to be lost, so I dashed at the felucca in the gig, and broke open the hatches, where we found the captured seamen and their gallant leader, Lieut. *** in a sorry plight, expecting nothing but to be blown up, or instant death by shot or the knife. We released them, and sending to the Gleam for ammunition and small arms, led the way in the felucca, by Mr. Gasket's orders, to the attack, the corvette's launch supporting us; while the schooner with the other craft were scraping up as fast as they could. We made straight for the largest schooner, which with her consorts now opened a heavy fire of grape and musketry, which we returned with interest. I can tell little of what took place till I found myself on the pirate's quarter deck, after a desperate tussle, and having driven the crew overboard, with dead and wounded men thickly strewn about, and our fellows busy firing at their surviving antagonists, as they were trying to gain the shore by swimming.

Although the schooner we carried was the Commodore, and commanded by Obediah in person, yet the pirates, that is, the Spanish part of them, by no means showed the fight I expected. While we were approaching, no fire could be hotter, and their yells and cheers were tremendous; but the instant we laid her alongside with the felucca, and swept her decks with a discharge of grape from the carronade, under cover of which we boarded on the quarter, while the launch's people scrambled up at the bow, their hearts failed them, a regular panic overtook them, and they jumped overboard, without waiting for a taste either of cutlass or boarding pike. The captain himself, however, with about ten Americans, stood at bay round the long gun which, notwithstanding their great inferiority in point of numbers to our party they manfully fired three several times at us, after we had carried her aft: but we were so close, that the grape came past us like a round shot, and only killed one hand at each discharge,—whereas at thirty yards off it might have made a pretty "tableau" of the whole party, by having had room to spread. I hailed Obed twice to surrender, as our people, staggered by the extreme hardihood of the small group, hung back for an instant; but he either did not hear me, or would not, for the only reply he seemed inclined to make was by slewing round the gun so as to bring me on with it, and the next moment a general rush was made, when the whole party was cut down, with three exceptions, one of whom was Obed himself, who getting on the gun, made a desperate bound over the men's heads, and jumped overboard. He struck out gallantly, the shot pattering round him like the first of a thunder-shower, but he dived apparently unhurt, and I lost sight of him.

The vessel having also been carried, the firing was all on our side by this time, and I, along with the other officers, was exerting myself to stop the butchery. "Cease firing, men; for shame, you see they no longer resist"—And my voice was obeyed by all except the fifteen we had released, who were absolutely mad with fury—perfect fiends; such uncontrollable fierceness I had never witnessed,—indeed, I had nearly cut one of them down before I could make them knock off firing. "Don't fire, sir," cried I to one. "Ay, ay, sir; but that scoundrel made *me wash his shirts*," and he let drive at a poor devil who was sputtering and swimming away towards the shore, and shot him through the head. "By heavens! I will run you through, if you fire at that man!" shouted I to another, a marine, who was taking aim at no less a personage than friend Obed, who had risen to breathe, and was swimming after the others, *but the very last man of all*. "No, by ——! *he made me wash his trowsers, sir.*" He fired—the pirate stretched out his arms, turned slowly on his back, with his face towards me. I thought he gave me a sort of "Et tu Brute" look, but I dare say it was fancy—his feet began to sink, and he gradually disappeared,—a few bubbles of froth and blood marking the spot where he went down. He had been shot dead. I will not attempt to describe my feelings at this moment, they burned themselves in my heart at the time, and the impression is indelible. Whether I had or not acted, in one sense unjustly, by thrusting myself so conspicuously forward in the attempt to capture him after what had passed between us forced itself upon my judgment. I had certainly promised that I would, in no way that I could help, be instrumental in his destruction or seizure, provided he landed me at St. Jago, or put me on board a friendly vessel. He did neither, so his part of the compact might be considered broken; but then it was out of his power to have fulfilled it; besides, he not only threatened my life subsequently, but actually wounded me; still however, on great provocation. But what "is writ is writ." He has gone to his account, pirate as he was, murderer if you will; yet I had and still have, a tear for his memory,—and many a time have I prayed on my bare knees that his blue agonized dying look might be erased from my memory; but this can never be. What he had been I never learned; but it is my deliberate opinion, that with a clear stage and opportunity, he would have forced himself out from the surface of society for good or evil. The unfortunate who survived him but to expiate their crimes on the gibbet at Port Royal said he had joined them from a New-York privateer, but they knew nothing of him beyond the fact, that by his skill and desperate courage, within a month he had by common acclaim been elected captain of the whole band. There was a story current on board the corvette, of a small trading craft, with a person answering his description, having been captured in the Chesapeake, by one of the squadron, and sent to Halifax for adjudication; the master, as in most cases of the kind, being left on board, which from that hour had never been heard of, neither vessel nor prize, crew nor captain, but Two Americans were taken out of a slaver off the Cape de Verds, by the Firebrand, about a year afterwards, after a most brave and determined attempt to escape, both of whom were however allowed to enter, but subsequently deserted off Sandy Hook by swimming ashore, in consequence of a pressed hand hinting that Obed had been the master of the vessel above mentioned.

All resistance having ceased, the few of the pirates who escaped having scampered into the woods, where it would have been vain to follow them, we secured our prisoners, and at the close of a bloody day, for fatal had it been to friend and foe, the prizes were got under weigh, and before nightfall we were all at sea, sailing in a fleet under convoy of the corvette and Gleam.

Old Bailey Wit.—A man was tried for stealing a pair of boots from a shop door in Holburn, with which he ran away. In the course of examination, the Judge asked a witness, who had pursued and seized the prisoner—'What did he say when you caught him?' Witness—'My lord, he said that he took the boots in a joke.' Judge—'And pray, how far did he carry the joke?' Witness—'About forty yards, please your lordship.'

Marriage License.—A certain young lady, who did not know the meaning of stays, such as women wear, went into the garret of her father's house on business—happening to espy the stays, takes them and runs down stairs in great haste, and says to her sister—"Oh, Kitty! I have found mother's license! aint they queer things?"

Ill and Well.—When the prisoners confined in Bridewell, Blackfriars, heard, that all those who were laboring under the effects of illness were to be released, there was scarcely one to be found in the different wards who was free from the "stomachache." It having been subsequently announced, that all who were ill were to remain, in order that the cholera should not be dispersed over the metropolis, by their being suffered to go at large, the pains and aches immediately left them, and the inmates of the Bridewell immediately became, all at once, the most healthy prisoners in Christendom.

City of New-York:

SATURDAY MORNING, SEPT. 15, 1832.

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

What has became of the Fashionables?—not one half have returned.—Where have the Exclusives congregated? Is it possible they are still at board at one dollar and eighty-seven and a half cents? The good country people will be eaten out of house and bacon. Saw a dasher yesterday—was gazed at like a "rara avis." Three others came to town—snuffed a little air—too choleric—made them sneeze—they dodged.

A newly married pair came down the River—forgot the Cholera and every thing else but themselves—took rooms at the Hotel—laughed with a bewitching chuckle at their own happiness—danced off to the Theatre—saw the Rent Day—named themselves Martin and Rachel—came home delighted—she retired, while he drank a mint julep—became alarmed during the night—heard some one sing "Behold, how brightly breaks the morn,"—thought 'twas day—got up—dark as Egypt—a wag told them 'twas a Cholera mist—they ask for a candle and the Report of the Board of Health,—mistook the weekly interments for the daily deaths—two hundred and one—Merciful God!—"Call a coach—bring down the trunks—make out the bill—is there any steamboat, stage or cart going North?—is there one going at all, no matter where?—Rachel here's my arm, take care of your basket."—"Thank you, Martin; hold the Camphor to your nose,—where's the porter—don't crush the band-boxes." "Good bye, landlord,—God bless ye!" "Two hundred and one cases!—Merciful Providence!—Good bye, New-York," and they were off.

The Bob Logic of our city ventured home the past week—looked well and dainty—moved tenderly over the pavements—little weakened in his limbs, (crippled going a raspberrying in the country)—put his hay to the Stanhope—took the air of the city—called on his Corinthian friends—braced his nerves with a bottle of Chateau Margaux—dined tolerably—took brandy—was helped to soup, fish, beef, duck, potatoes, tomatoes, corn, peaches,—dessert—drank his three bottles—sat four hours—went to his room—the bed whirled round—felt uneasy—retched a little—sent for his doctor—Bob was sick—Bob was cramped—Bob collapsed—Logic was no more.

THE KEMBLES.

We are gratified to learn that these talented and accomplished strangers are receiving those attentions from our most distinguished citizens, to which they are so justly entitled as individuals from the first circles in their own country, and as interesting visitors to ours.

The rare and intellectual gifts of both father and daughter, do not alone demand our admiration, and elicit our hospitality—for divested of the pure and spotless reputation to which their whole lives bear testimony, they would lose half their interest and all their loveliness.

Their expected appearance at the Park, next week is looked for with the greatest eagerness by our enthusiastic community, and many veteran lovers of the refined and classic personation of the old English Drama, will renew their age and again attend the Theatre.

In many characters Mr. Kemble is without a rival, and although some fifty winters have bleached his locks, all agree that he has not lost one spark of the ethereal fire that distinguished his earlier days.

Of Miss Kemble we hardly dare trust ourselves to speak. There is so much for the imagination to suggest, and our busy fancy is so awakened when we witness united in the same angel form, the most inimitable fascinations of an actress, and the lofty endowments and unchallenged pre-eminence of the poetess, that half our pleasure is swallowed up in wonder, and we gaze on the fair creature, all radiant with intelligence and genius, with emotions of awe and idolatry.

Such feelings are too purely the growth of the imagination to endure long, and after the first bewildering impression has passed away, it will be succeeded by a just appreciation of her merit as an actress, and her loveliness as a woman.

Cradled in the very lap of inspiration and taught "to lisp in numbers,"—educated by "the Kembles,"—bred up amid a most refined and accomplished circle—beckoned on to her high career by the proud success of her immortal Aunt, she burst on the theatrical world the very "Priestess of the Temple,"—acknowledged the most transcendant "star" of modern times—and now, endowed with talents so commanding, possessed of a mind that "ripened to fruition" at the age of seventeen, and honored by the high respect and universal admiration of her countrymen, Miss Kemble comes among us in all the simplicity of a well-bred English lady,—preferring no claims that are not due to merit—making no pretensions to what does not belong to modesty and innocence—and resting the fulfilment of all her anticipations on her real professional superiority, and *our* appreciation of her unquestioned talents—her rare acquirements and her distinguishing virtues. In *this land* and in this age, such claims will be acknowledged—such attractions will be irresistible.

Columbia College.—The next session of Columbia College will open after the annual vacation, on Monday, Oct. 1. The public examination of candidates for admission into the Freshman Class will commence on Wednesday, Sept. 26th, at 9 o'clock, A. M. in the College Chapel.

Post-astrophe.—The Newport Spectator mentions that a "horse hitched to one of the pillars supporting the roof of the piazza of Colonel Nettleton's hotel in that village, became frightened and "pull'd away all together" upon it, bringing it down with a tremendous crash, together with some fifteen or twenty feet of the coving, amid the crowd who stood on and about the piazza." The pillars of this beautiful hotel are nearly forty feet in length, and the one in question, undoubtedly belongs to no Temperance Society, as when it fell it popped its head into the bar-room, to the no small consternation of the bar-keeper, and his customers. Though rather unceremonious and rough in his manners, he knocked down no one, and remained perfectly quiet. The Spectator says, that a wag standing at a safe distance, observed that the gem'men in the doorway, concluded they could see as well a *leetle* further back!

The Merest Speck of War.—The U. S. Revenue Cutter Alert, of this port, fired a *single shot* into the rigging of the ship Washington. The circumstances are well known in this community and have occastened much talk. The Washington refused to heave to, and "pursued the even tenor of her way," when hailed by the U. S. Officer, but was less disposed "to cut" old acquaintances after a ball was sent whistling through her rigging. We know not the *formalities incident to such an occasion*, but cannot well conceive what else a spirited public officer could do than to use these means given him for the express purpose of *exciting* a recognizance of his authority. This is the first shotted gun that has been fired in our waters for years, and has given rise to as much talk as one of Decatur's victories.

EDITORIAL VALEDICTORIES.

We learn from the Constellation of last Saturday, that Dr. A. Greene, our able and facetious contemporary, has retired from the editorial charge of that interesting miscellany;—a situation he has filled since its commencement, with great credit to himself, and to the entire satisfaction of his numerous readers. Dr. G. in his retirement is accompanied with the hearty good wishes of his editorial brethren, for his continued health and happiness. Though much, we fear, "We ne'er shall look upon his like again," we do not, however, sorrow as those without hope, but trust soon to see numbered among our "quill driving corps," the name of this favored disciple of Momus.

The chair-editorial of the *Nantucket Inquirer*, is vacated too, we see, by the withdrawal of Charles Bunker, Esq from the establishment; his interest has been transferred to Mr. G. F. Bemis, who will we presume, "go on his way rejoicing, as a body should, in Nantucket."

THE CHARLIES AT BAY.

We were wending our course on Tuesday morning to our office and observed quite a jamb at the corner of Ann and Broadway. It seemed a poor drunken fellow had been abusing some one both by words and pushes, when the vigilant guardians of our city's peace interfered, and were about taking the trespasser to the police-office. "Mr. Highwayman," did not like this determination of the "Charlies," and a scuffle ensued. It seemed as though the gentleman was gifted with superhuman strength the moment they applied their grapples—down he went—but carried with him some half dozen into the side drain,—up again all hands, but in a twinkling they were sprawling, and puffing, and choking, and swearing, and gouging with most elegant confusion of limbs, and no very marked attention given to the location of their heads or their heels. At length the veteran bruiser was made fast with a rope, and was warmly applauded by the hundreds that assembled and had witnessed from the tops of carts and hacks, &c. this valiant effort in *the cause of liberty*.

MILITARY AND NAVAL MAGAZINE.

We learn with great pleasure that these enterprising publishers, Messrs. Thompson & Homans, of Washington city, have issued proposals for publishing a new periodical under the above title, to be conducted in a measure, on the plan of the British *United Service Journal*, and which will contain selections from that valuable work. A periodical framed from such a model, is much wanted in this country, and can hardly fail of being liberally patronized. The copies for naval officers upon foreign stations will be forwarded from the Navy Department with the government despatches. The first number will appear in January. The agents in this city are the Messrs. Blunts and Messrs. Carvills.

We annex the following from the prospectus before us:—"The original and domestic department—for which competent assistance has been secured—will consist of essays, notes and problems, on the multifarious matters embraced in Military and Naval science; narratives of interesting voyages, cruizes, marches, and campaigns; biographical sketches of deceased Military and Naval officers; notices, analytical and critical, of new publications on any subject connected with military or nautical studies; a monthly chronicle of remarkable events in the two services, changes of stations, arrivals and departures, and lastly a register of deaths, resignations, courts martial, dismissions, and promotions. Terms, $5 per annum."

DISCRIMINATION DOWN EAST.

An editor's reputation for tact, in filling his sheet with matters abounding in wit, humor, taste and talent, is as much staked on the character of the selections found in his columns, as in those articles emanating immediately from his own brain. Of this truism, we were very forcibly reminded by the last *Providence Patriot*, than which no sheet *Down East* more abounds in racy and spirited *selected* articles, "though *we* say it, that should *not* say it, yet *must* say it if *'tis* said."

Vide, some sixteen or eighteen articles from a certain weekly paper in New-York, 'ycleped the "Spirit of the Times," &c.

The Token and Souvenir.—These beautiful Annuals are hereafter to be published in one volume, and if rumor may be credited, it will exceed any thing of the kind ever published this side of the Atlantic. The editor of the Philadelphia Gazette, says he has seen the copy of the forthcoming Boston Token, which has been joined in bibliothecal matrimony, with the Atlantic Souvenir, for several years past published in Philadelphia. He says, "the embellishments of the work are various and excellent; and the list of contributors, contains some names that are familiar to the lover of Annuals, and others which seem as yet unknown to fame."

THE CHOLERA.

Peter H. Cruse, Esq. one of the editors of the Baltimore Patriot, is among the more recent victims of the pestilence. It is stated that, although remarkably temperate, and usually very careful in his diet, he indulged one evening in eating a peach or two, was seized with the Cholera, and died in a few hours.

Gen. Benj. Edes, late publisher of the Minerva, at Baltimore, has likewise fallen a victim to the prevailing epidemic.—Both these gentlemen have rendered themselves conspicuous by their benevolence, patriotism, and the possession of many amiable qualities; and the Craft, as well as society generally, will long regret the vacancy caused by their untimely demise.

LATE PUBLICATIONS.

Peabody & Co. have just issued Part V. of their beautiful Views of New York. This No. contains, besides a handsome colored Map of the city, two superb engravings, one representing a part of Broad-street, including an old house, a relic of Dutch elegance; the other displays that splendid Hotel recently built by Mr. Holt, at the corner of Fulton and Water streets.—As specimens of the graphic art, they do great credit to the talented artists by whom they were executed, and will be received by the public as flattering evidence of the spirit and enterprise of the publishers.

Peabody & Co. have seized the opportunity of Miss Kemble's arrival in our city, to publish her far-famed tragedy of Francis the First. As a dramatic production, it has received the warm commendations of the British reviewers; and its successful representation on English boards has given it a rank among the most classic and finished productions of the age. Its perusal is rendered doubly interesting at this time, as we may expect shortly to witness a personation of one of the principal characters by the fair authoress herself. Every admirer of genius, and especially those who anticipate the pleasure of seeing its performance, will gladly possess themselves of a copy.

CONFLAGRATIONS.

An acquaintance of ours from a sister city, was saying the other day, that we never had fires in New York, *worth going to see*. Thanks to our spirited firemen we acknowledge the fact. But had the same gentleman been here on Thursday, we could have shown him one of the most destructive fires that our city has suffered for many months. It broke out in 86 Vandam street, and was driven by a strong north west wind towards the corner of Spring and Hudson. The whole block west side of Hudson, between Spring and Vandam streets, and the six first buildings on the south side of Spring street, from Hudson towards Greenwich, together with all the back buildings on the square, as far as Renwick street, are burnt to the ground. We have heard of no lives being lost.

Washington Irving, our distinguished fellow citizen, in passing through Cincinnati on his tour to the "far West," visited the Theatre in that city. On the conclusion of the first piece, Mr. Caldwell, the Manager, came forward and announced the arrival of Mr. Irving, and that he was then in the Theatre. This pleasing information was greeted with the most enthusiastic applause by the audience—a happy earnest of the welcome which awaits Mr. W. in the Valley of the Mississippi, whose rising cities and wilder regions of interminable forest and equally boundless prairie have now become the subject of his penetrating researches.

O. P. Q.'s Letters from Paris which have excited so much interest in this country and Europe, and so general a desire to learn their author, are supposed by the editor of the Pennsylvanian, to have been written by a son of the celebrated William Cobbett. He says, "there is a sort of internal evidence arising from their perusal, that makes the supposition appear more than probable, especially when the reader is aware that Cobbett has a son residing in France." It is not unlikely that young Cobbett is an American, as "Peter Porcupine" is said to have had several children while residing in this country; indeed it is stated that two of them were christened in Philadelphia, by Dr. Abercrombie.

Lee, of Virginia, with several of the "distinguished unknown" of England and America, have at times been *reputed* the authors of these unrivalled letters, which, if we except "Junius," have caused more excitement in the political and news reading world, than any political sketches of modern times. The lamented C. C. Colton, was for a long time thought the author by many, whose opinion was unshaken till after his untimely end at Fontainbleau. Their continuance after this disastrous event, of course, satisfied the most credulous that Colton could not have been the author, and since then, a *train* of the "illustrious obscure," have been *identified by their friends as* the writer in question, without centering public opinion upon any one prominent individual. After all, we can only arrive at this sage conclusion, answering the mooted point like a true Yankee, If the writer be *not* Young Cobbett, we should like to know *who* he is?

Artificial Hands.—The Salem Gazette mentions that Mr. Increase Hill, an ingenious artizan in that town, "has just finished a pair of artificial hands, which, in their admirable adaptation to the multifarious uses of those important members, are said to surpass any thing of the kind ever before seen in that quarter." Indeed they are said to be superior in many instances to the *real*, especially for *warmth*, as they are not *easily frozen* in cold weather.

Rewards.—A man in St. Louis, Missouri, offers "One Chew of Tobacco Reward, and no Charges Paid," to the person or persons who will bring back a runaway apprentice to the cabinet-making business.

A tailor in Germantown, Pa. offers the reward of "half a pound of carpet-rags" for another estray.—We have not heard that any of our Police Officers have left the city on the scent of the *warmints*. "How tired I am!"

Launch.—The new Liverpool packet ship *Poland*, will be launched this day, about one o'clock, from the ship yard of Messrs. Fickett & Thornes, at the foot of Seventh street. She is a superior vessel of between five and six hundred tons, and is to be commanded by Capt. Edward Richardson, formerly of the ship Salem

THE PARK.

This Theatre has been filled with a highly respectable auditory for the last twelve nights.—Mr. Wallack's Martin Heywood has greatly added to his reputation, and given the Rent Day a popularity that ensures a full house whenever it is announced. Nothing can be finer than many passages of this soul stirring drama. The homely, unsuppressed out-pourings of an honest heart bowed down and almost crushed beneath the weight of misfortunes and of wrongs, are peculiarly suited to the naturally expressive features and well modulated voice of Mr. Wallack. There is so much of nature and domestic interest in the piece, that one is fairly cheated out of the conviction of its political point, and without intending to be disloyal, we find ourselves warmly espousing the rebellious doctrine of the inequality of the laws.

Mrs. Sharpe's Rachel Heywood has been received with most flattering applause, and though the point of interest is made to rest on her husband's determination to separate her from her children, from a false conviction of her infidelity, she nevertheless contrives to render the scene deeply touching—filling many an eye with the "weakness we inherit from our mothers." We were greatly struck one evening by an exhibition of the power of sympathy shown by that pretty little girl, Miss Wheatley as one of the children, while witnessing the convulsive agony and distraction of the father; the part was so verily personated, that she fell into a flood of unconscious tears, and for a moment was the most interesting figure in the groupe. Such effects are no bad criterion of dramatic excellence.

In Placide and Clarke, Mr. Wallack finds himself strongly supported, and the universal applause bestowed on the execution of their characters, is fully deserved.

Silver Jack is yet unredeemed from his disgusting blackguardism, and Grantley's abominable pattern of a coat, still hangs "like a red rag on a pole," though we, sapient critics as we are, condemned the one and scouted the other.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Hackett gave us the Lion of the West. This is a popular character, and its exhibition ever draws full houses. We however are not among the number who think this the happiest effort of Mr. Hackett.—The character is so overcharged with the "snapping turtle," that 'tis beyond the credulity of even Mrs. Trollope, to believe it true to nature. Hackett's Solomon Swop is far superior, and we hope to witness this inimitable performance during his present engagement.

THE AMERICAN.

The leading attraction at this house the past week has been the new local drama of "Old Jonathan and his Apprentices." The piece abounds with interest—is well got up—and bids fair to have a good run.

The most prominent character, Old Jonathan, "a worthy citizen of New-York, alderman of the Sixth Ward," &c. finds an excellent representative in Blanchard, though rather out of his line. It is too serious for this true disciple of Momus, and we expect momentarily to see him break through the trammels of his part, and set the house in a roar,—but in this character "Othello's occupation's gone."

Mr. G. Jones, as an apprentice, did the character creditably—but he can and doubtless will give it more spirit and effect hereafter.

Mr. Tuthill, as Benjamin, was not entirely at home. The part is over drawn, indeed is too much of a caricature ever to be happily personated. Perhaps Mr. T. made as much of it as it was susceptible of. Several minor characters which we have not now time to particularize were frequently applauded. We however cannot conclude our notice without acknowledging the merit of Mrs. Barrymore's "New Nautical Emblematical Dance." It was quite superb and was enthusiastically encored.

RICHMOND & NORFOLK THEATRES.

The Richmond and Norfolk Theatres we learn, will be conducted the ensuing season, by M. S Phillips, Esq. We understand he opens on the 24th of Sept. at Richmond, with a strong and efficient company, and from his well known industry and perseverance, we anticipate for our friends in those cities, a rich dramatic treat. Among the stars engaged we have heard the names of Miss Vincent, Miss Clifton, Master Burke, Mr. Hamblin, Mr. A. Adams, Mr. Wilson, and last, not least, our old and merry friend Blanchard, whose sterling acting cannot fail to please the judicious.

With such attractions, we think Mr. Phillips must command the patronage of the admirers of the Drama in those places. We heartily wish him and his company complete success.

MISS HUGHES AND MR. HORN.

These distinguished vocalists have been for several months on a professional tour through the eastern towns, giving concerts, with great acceptation, since they left Boston and Portland. From the latter place, where, says the Standard, previous advices left them, it appears they went on to Halifax, to give his Britannic Majesty's subjects in that frozen region, a taste of their quality,—a fragment of the musical luxuries in which *we*, as people of more fortunate climes, revel.

The Halifax Recorder has the subjoined paragraph relating to their last concert in that place:

"Miss Hughes and Mr. Horn had a most respectable audience on last evening, and acquitted themselves admirably; they left Halifax this morning in the stage. Query—Is it usual, or if usual, is it becoming and proper, to *encore* a lady's performance, particularly after she has borne a principal and fatiguing part in an evening's concert?"

That "query" seems to indicate, remarks our contemporary, that the people of Acadia, as the Nova Scotians delight to call their province, are not exactly *au fait* as to usages and proprieties in musical matters—although in yielding to the impulses of their unsophisticated natures, they did happen to hit upon that compliment, which of all others the *artiste* considers the least equivocal, and therefore most acceptable. It is time that Miss Hughes was turning her steps homeward; she cannot expect much longer leave of absence, and the English *Opera* will need soon to vindicate its merits.

THE ITALIAN TROUPE.

This enterprising company, after encountering great difficulties in procuring a suitable house for their exhibitions, have finally secured the Richmond Hill Theatre. Alterations and improvements were immediately commenced and are now nearly complete. The Boxes have been divided and made suitable for family parties—eight or ten of which will be sold at auction. The Pit will be very much improved, the seats are to be covered and backs added, which will make it the pleasantest part of the House. The Boxes and Pit are connected by a passage, and the price for a seat in each will be the same. It has been decided not to charge but one dollar for each ticket to any part of the house, which will contain about eleven hundred dollars. Judging from the great and increasing popularity of Operas with the New-York public, the house will unquestionably be filled every night, and the arrangements are such that this can be done, and yet all be comfortably seated.

The Troupe open with Cinderella, an Opera with which our citizens are acquainted, and of which they will be enabled to judge with no little discrimination. The Grand Operas will require some time to get up,—but with the spirited exertions exhibited thus far, by this energetic company, we may expect soon to realize all our anticipations.

Mrs. Woodhull (widow of the late Mr. Jacob Woodhull) in returning thanks to the members of the Richmond Hill Company for their services, and to her friends for their attendance, on the night of her benefit, mentions one fact so highly creditable to the character of Mrs. Barnes, the wife of the excellent Manager of that establishment, that we cannot suffer it to pass without our special commendation. It is as follows:

When the death of Mr. Woodhull occurred, Mr. Barnes lay in such a precarious state that it was deemed dangerous to apprize him of the decease of so intimate and valued a friend—so he was kept in ignorance; but Mrs. Barnes promptly gave orders that the next performance should be for the benefit of Mrs. Woodhull and family; and, on the morning after the performance, she paid over to Mrs. W. the entire amount of the receipts of the evening.

"SCENES OF REAL LIFE."

Life in Boston.—The Boston Daily Atlas tells a good story of a Paddy who attempted to cut his throat a few days since, "just for the fun out." The Coroner was called to sit on the *case*, who found the man, says the Atlas, "lying on the floor, and what with rum, and with the wound which he had inflicted, was supposed to be dead. It was about 12 o'clock at night when the worthy coroner was awakened from his slumbers; and he like a good man thought it most prudent to wait until morning, before he entered into the examination. "The night air is unhealthy," say the doctors, and so probably thought the Coroner. In the morning a constable was notified to summon a jury of inquest, and the Coroner proceeded to Sea-street, in the discharge of his duty. He stopped at a Grocery Store to find the unfortunate man's residence.

"Can you tell me," said he, "who it was that cut his throat last night."

"Faith, and it was me," replied a strapping Irishman, who was standing behind the door.

"You," said the Coroner, looking with surprise at the fellow, who had his neck bandaged, and his clothes covered with blood. "You? what do you do here?"

"Getting my bitters and be d——d to you. You are the magistrate that had me put into a black box last night, and the devil take you for it. Let me tell you sir, for your own good, that if you ever serve me such a trick again, I'll break every bone in your skin. This morning when I awoke, they tried to persuade me that I was dead, but I can assure you I've got something in my head besides hair. I was not to be put off, so you may take your ugly coffin away again whenever you please."

Life in Montreal.—According to the Gazette, a rather ludicrous occurrence, illustrative of *life in Montreal*, took place in that city on Monday last, in the shape of "a Bailiff outwitted." Says the Gazette, "Mr. Ball, one of our most active Sheriff's officers, being charged with a *capias* against a man named Hayes, a grocer in the St. Lawrence Suburbs, proceeded to his residence about nine o'clock at night, and secured his prisoner without any apparent difficulty. Hayes had but just completed dressing himself, when some ten or fifteen individuals entered the apartment where Ball and his assistant were guarding Hayes, and plainly intimated that they would regard the arrest of Hayes as a personal indignity; the two bailiffs were detained all night as prisoners, and their liberty restored in the morning, some time after Hayes had been permitted to effect his escape. Six persons were arrested next morning for being connected with this resistance to

PIGEON SHOOTING.—We understand that in the vicinity of the Hudson, this side of Albany, the pigeons were never more abundant than they are the present season; and our friends there, as well as numerous shots from the city, are enjoying fine sport. We have heard rumors of very extraordinary success attending some of *our absentees*—perhaps some of them will take the hint to favor us with an account of any very fine shooting they may have met with.

To those lovers of sporting who are as yet unskilled in the art of gunnery, we would recommend pigeon shooting as a pursuit which promises them a share of success with far more certainty than an essay in any other department of the *science*. To bring down a partridge on the wing, or a grey or black squirrel from the top of a tree, as he lies close on the upper side of a limb, (and it is not easy for an unpractised hand to take either of them at a disadvantage) is a feat for a veteran; but the sportsman who could not contrive to bag a dozen or two of pigeons when the sky, the earth, and the forests, are alternately clouded and covered with them, must be a raw one indeed. We should dislike to bet on such a one's hitting a barn-door at eight rods, unless with a very scattering gun.

DEER-HUNTING
AT BERKELEY SPRINGS, VA.

Mr. Editor:—You may have observed, and as a sportsman, I have no doubt, felt, the pleasure we derive in recounting our exploits to the world. Under this common impulse, I cannot resist the inclination to describe our last deer hunt.

Our party was one which made up in zeal whatever might have been wanting in experience; for before the "mantle of night had been lifted from the earth," we were ready, and anxiously awaiting the approach of day. At length

"Night wanes—the vapors round the mount ins curled
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world."

It was one of those soft, mild mornings of July, which Thomson loved to paint. The snowy mist crowned the mountains on either hand, and floated over the valley in a thousand fantastic shapes. As we bounded on to cover, I felt the *full* force of those splendid lines of Byron:

"But mighty nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun is in the heaven—and life on earth,
Flowers in the valley, splendor in the beam,
Health in the gale, and freshness in the stream."

We met at the mill-pond into which we wished to drive the deer. Dr. J. and Mr. B. of Hancock—two as good sportsmen as ever backed a horse, or sounded, on the mellow horn, the thrilling anthem of the antlered buck, brought with them a faithful servant who had charge of the dogs and acted as driver. Nace, like Carey of the Swallow Barn, had grown gray in the service; and, like him, he knew the wile of every varmint of the woods; for, within a hundred yards of the dam, around which we took our stands, he roused a fine buck, which bounded away in gallant style. Then opened the finest cry ever heard; the deep mellow tones of the hounds, repeated by the echoes of the mountains, made music such as Rossini or Paganini never heard. The noble prey, confident in his strength, ran, like a grey fox, within a circuit of half a mile, confining himself to a small mountain which jutted into the pond; so that, remaining stationary as we were, we always had the dogs within hearing.

As the pack would gradually wind round the mountain, we enjoyed every modulation of the music, from the loud and joyous burst as they approached, to subdued yet sweeter tones in the distance; and again, as they climbed towards the summit of the mountain, and were gradually lost to view beneath the thick mists which yet lingered on its top, the cry, like a powerful organ in a vast and dim cathedral, assumed a tone at once rich, sublime, and as it were, unearthly.

The dogs were approaching us again, for the last time, as we thought: every hunter had his rifle ready, anxiously expecting that the next moment would be the one to raise it, when we heard the unlooked-for and unwelcome crack of a rifle on the hill. The cry ceased instantaneously, and we thought the deer killed. It burst forth again, however, but took a new direction towards the Potomac. We immediately gave up all hopes of the chase coming in where we were; we mounted our horses and were about to return home when a melancholy sight presented itself, superadding to the disappointment which every sportsman must learn to bear, a feeling of indignant horror that no language can express. Our leading dog, a noble animal, true to the line of his game as the "needle to the pole," came limping towards us covered with blood! *He* had been shot, and by a thing which we are obliged to call a man, though he showed himself, by this cowardly act, devoid of that which alone distinguishes man from the mere brute a *soul*. Could his name be discovered, in your Sporting Annals should it be "damn'd to everlasting fame." We had the dog taken care of, his wound being carefully dressed by Dr. J., and had been gone not more than ten or fifteen minutes, when a buck and a doe plunged to the in the water. Some boys, who happened to be there at the time, pelted them with stones, until, finally, they escaped, regained their native wilds, and will, I doubt not, afford sport for another day.

Yours, &c. S. G. F.

Aug. 12, 1832. [*Am. Sport. Mag.*

STAG-HUNTING
ON THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

Nothing, to a true sportsman, can equal the spirit and elevating joy of a stag-hunt on the lake of Killarney. This may appear a sort of Hibernicism, but it is, in truth, plain English; for it is positively a hunt upon the water; the gentlemen who join in the sport being generally in boats on the lake from the beginning to the end of the chase.

The stag is roused by hounds and by people on foot, from the woods that skirt the lake, where it runs wild, like the deer of the American forests. Horses are here made no use of, for they would be of no service. The shores of the lake are composed of immense mountains, rising abruptly from the water, and covered with thick woods. The stag rarely attempts to ascend these heights; and when driven from its sylvan covert, flies almost invariably to the lake. The plan, therefore, for a person to enjoy the diversion best, and with less fatigue, is in a boat on the water. Here the cry of the hounds, the harmony of the horns resounding from the hills on every side, the shouts of joy along the valleys and from the sides of the mountains, which are usually lined with the peasantry of the country, who sally forth in great numbers, and go through infinite labor to partake an I assist at the diversions, re-echoing from hill to hill, from rock to rock, inspire as lively a pleasure as the imagination can conceive to arise from the chase.

The stag at last exhausted by the hot pursuit, wearied with the constant difficulty of making way with his lofty antlers through the woods that every way oppose his flight, with the terrifying cry of his open-mouthed pursuers at his heels, and almost within sight—in the few critical moments which he now has to consult for his safety, he looks towards the lake as his only asylum, preferring drowning to being torn in pieces by his merciless enemies. Once more he looks upwards, but the hills are insurmountable; and the woods, so lately his favorite retreat, now refuse him shelter, and, as if in league with his inveterate foes, every way deny him a passage. A moment longer he stops—looks back—sees his destruction inevitable—the blood-hounds at his heels, he hears yelling with redoubled fury at the sight of their destined victim.—The choice must be instantly made; with tears of desperation he plunges into the lake. But alas! his fate is fixed: his thread is cut asunder: he escapes, but for a few minutes, from one merciless enemy, to fall into the hands of another equally uncompassionate and relentless. His antlers are his ruin—the shouting boatmen surround the unhappy swimmer in his way to the nearest island; they halter him, drag him into their boat, and then land with him in triumph. He dies an undeserved death. His spirit flies into the Devil's Punch-Bowl, (a very deep part of the lake,) his flesh goes into a pasty, and thus ends our stag-hunt.

CITY POLICE REPORTS.

NEW-YORK.

The details of the Police Office in this city, as in Philadelphia, have lately become "stale, flat, and unprofitable." A contemporary remarks that *reporting* is much like fishing—sometimes the angler waits a long time for a *bite*, and finds, at the end of the Session, that he has had only a glorious *nibble*. With us, this has been peculiarly the case; and we can this week only give an abstract of the reports of the

GENERAL SESSIONS.

SEPT. 7.—George Cheslyn was brought up for burglary and grand larceny; having been found encumbered with another man's watch, which had somehow or other found its way into his pocket. It appeared that the watch and a considerable sum of money were taken from No. 149, Fulton street, in the night; and the prisoner was then suspected and arrested, but to no purpose.—Having more recently entered into another speculation of the kind, he was forced again to undergo the "searching operation," at the hands of Messrs. Hays & Co.; when, lo! the aforesaid watch was found sticking to him. He maintained that he had not stolen it himself, but only purchased it, knowing it to have been stolen. The Court either doubted the unlucky gentleman's veracity, or else had not their usual keen perception of legal niceties; for they managed to bring him in guilty of the larceny.

Charles Read, alias John Henry, a gentleman of color, was convicted of stealing two frock coats (one, probably, for Mr. Charles Read and one for Mr. John Henry) and a surtout. The Court, duly appreciating his laudable desire of providing himself with clothing in view of the approach of winter, ordered that he be furnished with a complete suit, and with such employment (cutting stone on Blackwell's Island) as will be sure to keep him warm.

Aaron Adkins came forward, charged with receiving gold, knowing it to have been stolen.—He "owned up."

William Kimwell, an ingenious youth of 18, next walked the plank—the wherefore being as follows:—He went into the store of Mr. Van Zandt, saying that his mother and sister were going into the country and wanted two parasols, and wished Mr. V. to send six by him, from which they would select two and return the rest. Mr. V. had heard such stories before, so he concluded to send his own boy with the parasols.—This was rather a damper to the ingenious Master Kimwell; but he managed to steal the parasols from the boy, and then 'made himself scarce.' As may be supposed, he used the parasols rather to "raise the wind" for himself than to avert the storms from his aforesaid relatives. The Court decided that he shall be placed where there will be no need of parasols.

George Dean was overhauled on a charge of grand larceny, in the matter of stealing a watch and $22 in cash from No. 58, Mulberry-street.—The circumstances were pretty strongly against him, but not conclusive enough to fix him, so he was acquitted.

SEPT. 8.—Jeremiah Donovan tried for keeping a disorderly house on the corner of Delancy and Essex streets, and selling liquor without license. Verdict, guilty, of course.

Joseph Harper, for grand larceny, was sent to Sing Sing for two years.

William Sylvester (laboring under the same complaint) was ordered to try the air and exercise of Sing Sing for two years and three months.

John Smith, alias Solomon Brown, do. do. for three years.

SEPT. 10.—Jane Henry, tried for grand larceny, on a charge of stealing a gold watch from J. J. Ryan, at the time when his store and dwelling in Chatham street were destroyed by fire. She was acquitted.

SEPT. 11.—Daniel Wright, a black boy of 13 years old, was convicted of petit larceny. Judgment was suspended to enable his father to send him to sea for the improvement of his morals.

John Johnson was convicted of stealing a shovel, and sent two months to Blackwell's Island.

Charles Haydn, a veteran in the business, aged 13, was brought up for attempting to steal money from a store; but was released on his mother's promising to take him immediately into another State. [With due deference to the lady and the Court, we would suggest the state of confinement as the most suitable for him.]

Charles Williams, for stealing a pea-jacket, was sent for two months to Blackwell's Island.

SEPT. 12—Uriah Pearsall, keeper of an eating house under Fulton Market, was arraigned for grand larceny, on a charge of stealing a pocket-book, containing $50, from Hiram Parker. A variety of contradictory evidence was adduced, some of it tending strongly to convict Mr. P. of the felony; but the jury, without leaving their seats, returned a verdict of not guilty.

PHILADELPHIA.

A few nights since, a young man of gentlemanly appearance came down the street, talking very earnestly to himself, and gesticulating with great vehemence. It was sometime past twelve, and he encountered in three or four squares, but few benighted individuals, who gave him a passing glance of surprise, and walked on. The following is the purport of his thinkings in his own words:

"Ned's champaigne is more than good—it's prime. Bad for the Cholera though. There's the rub in every thing. Whatever is good is bad. A paradox, hey! Yet I can prove it as clear as—yes, as clear as what? I've got but one simile, and that's not genteel. Oh, no, we never mention it to cats polite—as clear as a pike-staff, or the nose on your face. Is not wine good, when it is good, and isn't it bad to drink when it's good? Isn't good acting good, and isn't it bad to go to the theatre to see it. Isn't it good to eat terrapins, venison, canvass backs, lobsters, and isn't it bad, because we get the gout. It is all fact. Whatever is good is bad. I should not wonder if I got the Cholera, I feel so good."

"I say," cried a man from across the street, if you make so much noise, you'll be taken up.

"Ah, indeed—thank you. That's a prominent story. I'm in for it. People suppose me drunk merely because I am cheerful. Drunk! Here's a pump, and I'll prove my sobriety by waltzing with it." He danced round the pump, singing "Tum toodle too—tum toodle too, tum toodle—toodle, toodle, toodle, too tum," to the tune of the Green Hills of Tyrol. The watch stopped up and seized him by the collar, exclaiming, "you are my prisoner."

"Hey, what, collared! I've got it."

"Got what, sir!"

"You are the malignant collerer, and you've got me. That's all. I'm a case."

"Yes—it is easy to see you are a case, and now you are on the road to ruin."

"I thought I was in a bad way. This is the first stage too, I know, because I'm quickly arrested. Let go my coat. Colerer don't gripe me so hard. I can't say I like the treatment. Watchy, you're an awful complaint; you are so catching."

"Come my son, don't be a jack-snipe, but toddle as well as you can to quod—keep your wit and let us have no slack."

"Slack! what I complain of is the spasmodic contraction of your fingers. The gripe, sir, the gripe."

"Be quiet, or I'll rap you with my mace.

"That will be *mace-on*, when I'm *anti*. Do you know that I think such violence rather hard? Now Shakspeare says begot a temperance, and use all gentle—thus!" said the prisoner, attempting to give the watch a scientific cross. He was too tipsy for success, and the watch grappled him the tighter.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself?

"Yes—the attempt and not the deed confounds me. This joking spoils manhood. Oh," roared he, striking the bear cat attitude—

"Oh that I could but meet thee in thy might,
With but one plank between us and destruction;
I'd grasp thee in these desperate arms
And plunge with thee into welkering waves"

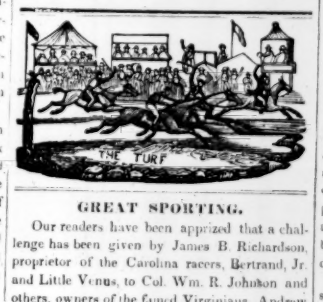
"Crikee!" said the watch, "such ducking is no sport!"

"Ah, you're no sailor—you are ultra-marine."

"Do be quiet, sonny; you gain nothing by cutting monkeys. I must call assistance if you don't."

"A consolation on my case—no—I dont like it. I'll only get into hot water. I yield, because I have no choice.—Come on, Macduff."

Away they went, and the prisoner escaped with a fine.



GREAT SPORTING.

Our readers have been apprized that a challenge has been given by James B. Richardson, proprietor of the Carolina racers, Bertrand, Jr. and Little Venus, to Col. Wm. R. Johnson and others, owners of the famed Virginians, Andrew and Bonnets o' Blue, to run their respective horses over the Washington Course, Charleston, S. C. four mile heats, carrying 100 lbs. for *Five Thousand Dollars* a side on each race, on the Monday and Tuesday of the week preceding the annual Fall Races.—By the last Turf Register, we learn that the challenge has been promptly accepted, and the challenged party have named Andrew as the competitor of Bertrand, Jr. and Bonnets o' Blue to run against Little Venus.—From the character of the parties, as gentlemen and sportsmen, the public will rest assured that there is "no mistake" in the matter; and if the Carolinians are not treated to some racing, such as is not often witnessed even on their course, we shall be in a high degree disappointed.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.
Sweet-Brier Stumped.

I will run my Horse against the noted horse SWEET-BRIER, 100 rods on the Bat stown road, for **200** *or* **500** dollars, and give him a length—the horses to carry catch weight. I will run in thirty days after receiving notice that the bet is taken up.

N. B. If there is any objection to running 100 rods, the backers of Sweet Brier can be accommodated to run 80, and no mistake.

JAMES MEEKS,
493 *South Market-st. Albany.*

MONTREAL RACES.

We learn by the Montreal Gazette that the Board of Health came to a resolution on Saturday the 1st inst. (only two or three days before the intended commencement of the races) to forbid or at least suspend the racing, on account of the health of the city, &c. As the Board contrived to think of the great danger to be apprehended from this source at so unseasonable a time, after great expense had been incurred in preparation, and in bringing horses to the ground from a distance, the sportsmen determined to contest the power of the Board of Health to pass such an edict, and to proceed with their races as advertised,—leaving the rest of the sport to the lawyers. Appearances seemed to indicate that the course would be well contested. For the Trial Stakes of £10 and £5 entrance, for horses bred in the Province, that never won match, plate, or sweepstakes, one *Sir Walter* and three *Cock of the Rock* colts have been entered. For the Club Purse of £75, added to a sweepstakes of £12 10s. the only horses entered are Timoleon and Waverley.

The Gazette, in approving the course of the Board of Health, remarks that nearly every family is now in mourning for relatives who have fallen victims to the Cholera, and that it would be highly improper to participate in public diversions under such circumstances. The editors seem to forget that no one is a partaker in these amusements who does not choose to be, and that each individual can judge for himself whether a participation in such festivities would be grateful or grating to his feelings. On the general question which is started by the proceedings of the Board, we must be permitted to say that if *any* public assemblage can take place without prejudice to the public health, we should deem the one here proscribed to be unexceptionable, and even salutary, as affording invigorating exercise in the open air to many who might not otherwise avail themselves of it; and we should judge that any thing which has a tendency to divert the attention of the citizens of Montreal from the misfortunes which they have suffered, and to dissipate the gloom which so necessarily enshrouds them, cannot fail of being promotive alike of their health and their happiness.

☞ Since the above was in type, we have received the Gazette of the 6th inst. giving an account of the first day's sport, which we subjoin:

The Trial Stakes, (terms as above) for horses bred in Canada that never won a race.

Mr. Farquhar's b. c. Tyke, by Cock of the Rock, three years old..... 3 1
Mr. M'Connell's ch. m. Polly Fisher, by Sir Walter, aged..... 1 dis.
Hon. R. U. Harwood's b. filly, by Cock of the Rock, three years old..... 2 dis.
Mr. Shaw's b. c. Drummer, by Cock of the Rock, three years old..... 4 dis.

The rider of Tyke, during the first heat, was some five-and-twenty *pounds* over weight; but a lighter one having been substituted on the second heat, Tyke was enabled to distance all his competitors, and of course win the race. Polly Fisher was the favorite throughout, until after Tyke took the lead on the last heat.

The Turf Club Purse of £75, added to a sweepstakes of £12 10s. each, p. p. Three mile heats—free for all horses:

Mr. Town's ch. g. Waverley, aged..... 1 1
Mr. Sharp's b. h. Timoleon, aged..... 2 2

This race was well contested, and gained by less than a length. In fact, there never was, during either heat, a length between the horses.

A VISIT TO A. TAYLOR.

[Under this caption, the editor of the Turf Register has been favored with a letter from a correspondent at White Sulphur Springs, Va. giving an account of his visit to some of the most distinguished sportsmen of the Old Dominion.—We have ventured to "raize" it, in such a manner as to preserve all those parts which may afford useful hints to those of our patrons who are engaged in the breeding and training of horses, as well as those anecdotes which may interest the general reader, while we at the same time materially curtail its length.]

"On my way hither from the South, a few weeks ago, I was tempted, by my admiration of that fine animal, the blood horse, to trespass on the hospitality of your friend, Col. Wm. R. Johnson. Fortunately, my visit to Col. J. was made just after the time for *taking up* his horses for the next fall season; so that I had an opportunity, through his politeness, of seeing his whole stable, and of finding out the names of the horses which he will lead to the onset of the fall campaign.

* * * * * * *

"At Oakland, I saw several beautiful and promising colts, one and two years old, the get of Medley, Sir Hal, &c. These colts are not kept very fat, but in good, solid, growing order—they are not allowed to run on rich clover or grass lots, but are turned in a pasture rather barren, and kept in the proper plight by cut oats, and, occasionally, a few ears of Indian corn."

He next visits that pride of Virginia sportsmen and breeders of noble horses—Sir Charles, and describes him as fully equal in form, vigor, and beauty, to any thing which has been written of him, and presenting to the spectator a perfect picture of symmetry, with all the advantages of animation, an unusually intelligent and agreeable expression of countenance, and a coat of hair of the finest and richest chestnut.

"Col. Johnson has his horses divided this season—the principal stable is kept at Mr. Arthur Taylor's, about 10 miles from Oakland, and the other at his son's, Mr. George W. Johnson's.—The latter I visited first, where I saw Annette, who appears to be placed there for the purpose of teaching or training her three youthful companions to the proper action and course of their profession. These latter were a four year old chestnut colt, by Director, a three year old chestnut colt, by Monsieur Tonson, out of Betsey Robertson, and a very handsome three year old brown filly, untried, by Monsieur Tonson. All were going through their regular *walking* exercise, preparatory to the more severe and trying *work* at the advanced part of the training season. Notwithstanding the long and severe campaigns which Annette encountered in South Carolina, and subsequently in Virginia and Maryland during the last season, she yet promises, by the undiminished strength of her constitution and frame, and especially of her *legs*, to fight, as she is wont to do, through many a doubtful conflict, before age and infirmity shall drive her from the battle-field.

"On reaching the principal stable, we were approached by a small, sharp, sly looking little man, with a wrinkled, yet youthful visage; his head carelessly inclining to one side, whilst his frequently dimpled and unbrushed white beaver or rabbit inclined to the other side; with a gait very unlike the even and elastic models constantly before his eyes—one leg hardly moving, whilst the other was allowed to slouch with more than natural genuflexion, and with a manner peculiarly *sang froid*. On coming up, Col. J. saluted him by his familiar nick-name, "Well, Governor," and then turning to me announced *Mr. Taylor*; whereupon I was saluted with great gentleness and civility. Soon afterwards Col. J. took occasion to remark aside to me that "although Arthur makes an indifferent show at first, he mends very much upon a drink;" and such turned out to be the fact.

"We then went successively to the stables of Andrew and Bonnets o' Blue, each five years old, by Sir Charles; Nullifier, four years old, by Eclipse; Here Cline, three years old, by Sir Archy; Tobacconist, three years old, by Gohanna; and Blue Bird, (the *Venus de Medicis* of fillies) three years old, by Medley, out of Coquette.—The stables are built of round pine poles, peeled, about 8 or 18 inches in diameter, and so straight and closely put together that the crevices are just large enough, without daubing, to afford proper and generally diffused ventilation.

All the horses seemed to be doing well, and to be kindly undergoing the preparatory changes of condition, &c. for the approaching season, which is to bring against them the valor and power of many a gallant and jealous antagonist—a season momentous to the character of those who are yet to prove their claim to the greatest merit of the race-horse, *bottom*; and equally important to others as exhibiting their *lasting* properties, and crowning them with those deeded glories which some are yet disposed to withhold, on account of the ease with which their past victories have been achieved. As far as my untutored eye could determine, Bonnets o' Blue appears to have regained her former strength, of which, from having been so long in hand and so severely travelled, she exhibited a failing at the last Newmarket races. She is a nag of fine constitution, easily managed and kept right: and from her fresh and promising appearance the public may expect, in the fall to see her rider

"Wield, as of old, his whistling thong,
And shake his azure plumage in the skies."

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A FLASH IN THE PAN.
The great Trotting Match no Match at all.

MR. EDITOR. BOSTON, July 20, 1832.

I noticed in your Magazine for the present month, under the head of "Great Trotting Match," an assertion that a Boston horse had challenged the world to a match for $4,000, and that it had been accepted by Top Gallant. Presuming, from collateral circumstances, that the horse alluded to is one belonging to me, I deem it my duty to assure you that I never challenged any horse, much less the world, to trot against him. About three weeks since, a person came to my stable and proposed to make a match with me, but after some conversation, he required 15 days to name his horse. A proposition so preposterous, coming as it did, from the person who had sought the match, was promptly refused.

About the 4th instant, the same person called upon me again, and renewed his proposals for a match, naming, on his part, Top Gallant. Our conversation at this interview, resulted in a match, made on the day following, when terms, time and place were decided, he promising to call next morning to close the contract, since that period I have never seen him. After a lapse of two or three days, the rider of Top Gallant proposed an alteration in the place, and insisted on it as a *sine qua non*. I refused my consent to this deviation from the original agreement fully satisfied that I was dealing with jockeys, and not with gentlemen. Again, my horse was never on a road filled with people, as would have been the case had I consented to the proposed change of place. I have made these explanations in order to convince Southern Gentlemen, that there was nothing unfair on my part. There was no *boasting nor backing out, as far as I was interested*, and the match would certainly have taken place if the terms of the original agreement had been complied with, by the owner or backer of Top Gallant.

I have never boasted of my horse at any time, nor have I ever publicly offered to match him with any other. He is a fast animal and possesses great power. With proper training, I have little fear of supposing him against the best trotter in the country; yet, there are, doubtless, many that may prove superior.

One word in conclusion, when Philadelphia gentlemen are at the trouble and expense of seeking a match in the North, they must come prepared to win or lose. By so doing they will preserve their reputation and we shall know where to find them. Yours respectfully,

REUBEN DAVIS.

PENNSYLVANIA RIFLEMEN.

In the "Life of Commodore Barney," lately issued from the press of Gray & Bowen, of Boston, we find the following anecdote of a Bucks County Rifleman, which is worthy of a perusal. It is said to have occurred at the time of the capture of the Gen. Monk, a British vessel of nearly double the force of the American—we copy it from a specimen of the work which has been given in several of our public prints.

"Many incidents occurred during the heat of this rapid and vigorous action which are well worthy of notice. Captain Barney, in order that he might the better see all that was going on, and regulate his movements accordingly, remained standing upon the binnacle during the whole action, to the most exposed point of his quarter deck, particularly to the fire of the musketry from the enemy's tops. On one occasion a ball passed through his hat, just grazing the crown of his head; another tore off a part of the skirt of his coat—seeing himself thus the aim of the small arms, he called to Mr. *Scull*, his marine officer, (whose men were all *Buck's County Riflemen*, who had never before been on board a sh p,) and ordered him to direct his fire into the top from which he was so much annoyed; the order was promptly executed, and with such good aim that every shot brought down its man. A few minutes after this, one of these brave fellows, who was much better acquainted with the use of his rifle than with the rules of subordination, called out to Captain Barney, with a coolness of tone and familiarity of manner that evinced any thing but intended disrespect—"Captain! do you see that fellow with the *white hat*?" and firing as he spoke, Captain Barney saw the poor fellow with the white hat" make a spring at least three feet from the deck, and fall to rise no more. "Captain" continued the marksman, "*that's the third fellow I've made hop!*" It is a remarkable fact, highly indicative of the deliberate coolness of those Buck's county men, that every man of the enemy who was killed by the small arms, was found to have been shot in the head or breast, so true and deadly was their aim."

AFFECTING VERSES.

Fair M A lived on Liffey's side,
Not far from R N K;
Her bosom toward's an did its tide,
For love to L S Crew.
"I" she exceeded "EN SON POINT,"
She still was wond'rous fair,
And of her suitors there came one
From N S, County Clare.
Thrice did he M[illegible] to clear his voice.
And speak with N R G—
"A M dear, you do X L
The rose of R A B.
"I love U to X S sweet maid;
Thy I D is dear;
Nor S E, nor the fair L A,
With thee coul, e'er compeer.
"When I the throne of Juan's maid,
The beautiful E D,
Her fragile form so laced and stay'd
To the O B C T."
Fair M A, said, "There is a youth—
U N V him, 'tis true,
For him alone I wish to live—
But O I P T U"
An I C chill spread o'er his heart—
To A B direct he came,
And thought by drinking O D V,
To prove love but a name.
But still despair lurked in his I,
(To pace an N M E)
By proxy he resolved to die,
So burnt his F E G.

THE ALFRED.

MAJOR ANDRE.—It is certainly a very singular circumstance, that Andre should, in a very satirical poem, have foretold his own fate. It was called the "*Cow Chace*," and was published by Rivington, at New York, in consequence of the failure of an expedition undertaken by Wayne for the purpose of collecting cattle. Great liberties are taken with the American officers employed on the occasion. With

"Harry Lee and his Dragoons, and Proctor with his Cannon."

But the point of his irony seemed particularly aimed at *Wayne*, whose entire baggage, he asserts, was taken, containing

"His Congress dollars, and his prog,
His military speeches,
His cornstalk whiskey for his grog,
Black stockings and blue breeches."

And concludes by observing, that it is necessary to check the current of satire,

"Lest the same warrio drover Wayne,
Should catch—and hang the Poet."

He was actually taken by a party from the division of the army immediately under the command of Wayne.—*Garden.*

In one of Dryden's pieces of heroic nonsense, a lover said, with an unfortunate antithesis,—

"My wound is great, because it is so small"

The Duke of Buckingham cried out, with astonishing quickness—

"Then 'twould be greater, were it none at all."

The play was instantly sacrificed.

A gentleman riding through the town of ——, one day met an awkward fellow, leading a pig, whom he accosted in the following manner:—"How odd it looks, to see one pig lead another." "Yes," replied the chap, "but not so odd as it does to see a pig ride on horseback."

THE ROBBERS TAKEN.—Thomas Sperry, who in May last absconded from London, taking with him £3900 of the funds of a Banking-house in which he had been a confidential clerk, together with his accomplices, Lankester and Cull, who had shared equally with him the avails of the robbery, have been overtaken and forced to disgorge their spoils. They arrived at Staten Island in July, and had made good their retreat into the interior as far as Jordon, Onondago county, to which place they were traced with difficulty by the agents sent in pursuit, and there arrested on civil process. Sperry was first taken and immediately gave up his share of the money, but was suffered to retain five hundred dollars on condition of pointing out his associates, who by this means were also arrested. About $11,000 were recovered, and the rogues discharged under the impression that the laws of this State do not authorize criminal process in such cases.

Esq. Brazenface, who we have stated to be notorious for abusing witnesses, was one day examining a man, before the court, respecting some corn, and as usual, insulted him with a thousand questions irrelevant to the case, when the following dialogue ensued.

Esq. B. What do you know respecting this corn?

Witness. I helped plant it and sow it, sir.

Esq. B. What else?

Wit. When it was ripe, I helped gather it into the barn, helped husk it, and carried some of it to mill to be ground.

Esq. B. (in an angry tone) Then what did you do with the husks?

Wit. I gave some of them to my horse, some to my cow, and some to my *legs*, and if you had been there, you should have had your share of them.

A general burst of laughter was heard all round the court-house, and Esq. Brazenface sat down in mortification and chagrin.

"KING'S CURSE."—Who that has ever played the good, old-fashioned game of "*goal*," in the days of his boyhood, has not often had passed by an opponent, purposely made a mis-step and fallen—at the same time hooting out "King's Curse" (according to rule) to avoid being captured!—We used to know a stammering fellow, who was a little ignorant withal. One day, seeing a sheriff after him, he thought to give "leg bail,"—and accordingly took to his heels. So long as he kept upon his feet, he was like to do well—but a mis-step soon put a stop to his locomotion, and laid him his length upon the ground. Seeing the sheriff close upon him, and forgetting that the words lost their charm in matters of the law, he sung out, "K-k-k-King's C-c-c-curse!"—*Middlesex Telegraph.*

The Duke of Gloucester reading one of the daily papers, observed an extract from *The Figaro in London*, which he declared to be a wonderfully clever work; but said he "never see a paragraph from *The Figaro*, but it is followed by half a dozen others taken from *Bell*, which, to say the truth, must be a very witty periodical."

ANOTHER SNAKE STORY.—A snake of an enormous size, was recently killed at Osterville, and being opened, was found to contain 102 young snakes in perfect life and animation, from four to five inches in length. Upon their exposure to the sun, they soon became inanimate.

TROTTING COURSE,
MOUNT VERNON, NEAR NEW-YORK CITY.

THE public are respectfully informed that a PURSE will be trotted for over this course on the 20TH OF SEPTEMBER next, to commence at 5 o'clock every week thereafter, on THURSDAYS, until notice is given to the contrary in the "Spirit of the Times and Life in New-York." The Course remains open for Private Matches and for Training; and sporting gentlemen are respectfully invited to avail themselves of the advantages which it offers.

WILLIAM OLIVER, Proprietor.
Sept. 15, 1832.

PIGEON-SHOOTING.

SPORTSMEN are respectfully informed that I have 500 pigeons on hand, and have appointed Wednesday afternoon of each week for a PIGEON-MATCH, commencing at 2 o'clock. The ground (on the Mount Vernon Trotting Course) is the most favorable that could be selected, or even desired; and every exertion will be made to render it a favorite resort to sportsmen. WILLIAM OLIVER.
Mount Vernon, Sept. 1.

CASTLE GARDEN.

H. MARSH respectfully informs the public, that from the repeated inquiries for the exhibition of the *Great Lake of Algiers*, he has concluded to get up that great and unrivalled representation on an improved and enlarged plan; and from the known abilities of artists engaged, he flatters himself that it has never been excelled in any display of the pyrotechnic art. Due notice will be given of the first representation. s15

TO STOREKEEPERS.

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, New-York, respectfully offers his services to Country Merchants and Storekeepers, in the purchase of Goods of every description, particularly DRY GOODS and GROCERIES. S. J. S. has connection in business with the first houses, whereby he is enabled to buy cheap, and his charge will be extremely moderate, say 2 1-2 per cent. If a remittance be enclosed, small orders will meet with the same attention as those of larger amounts; it will be obvious to dealers, particularly those on a small scale that this is an opportunity deserving notice—the merchants will save the trouble and expense of a journey, and may depend on being well and economically served. Orders may be addressed either to Pittsburgh, Baltimore, or New York, the subscriber having a house in each city. S. J. SYLVESTER. d21

KENTUCKY FALL RACES.

THE Lexington Races commences on Tuesday, Oct. 2, and continue five days.

The Louisville Races on Tuesday the 23d Oct. and continue five days.

The Chicothe races and the 2d Oct. and continue four days.

The Webster or Dover Races the 20th of Sept. and continue four days.

The Richmond, Ky. Races commence on the 27th Sept. and continue three days. s15

FAIRFIELD RACES.
FOR MEETING.

WILL commence on the 3d Tuesday in October next, and continue four days.

First day, a colt Sweepstake, two mile heats, $200 entrance, half forfeit, to which there are ten subscribers, with the best colts in the United States—eight of the ten distinguished winners.

1. David H. Beach enters b. c. Tobacconist, by Gohanna, (late Wickliffe's.)
2. Wm. R. Johnson enters b. c. Herr Cline, by Sir Archy.
3. Jas. J. Harrison enters Wilkinson's ch. c. by Sir Archy.
4. Wm. M. West enters McGhee's b. c. Sir Walter, (the winner of the Stallion Stakes at Tree Hill) by Monsieur Tonson.
5. Wm. Wynn enters b. c. Amrid, by Monsieur Tonson.
6. Wm. H. Minge enters b. f. Florida, by Contention.
7. Jno. M. Botts enters br. c. Douglass, by Gohanna, out of the dam of Collier.
8. Richard Adams enters b. c. Primera, by Ratler.
9. Henry A. Taylee enters Cornelia, by Ratler.
10. Jno. Minge enters bl. c. Black Hawk, by Hotspur.

Second day, proprietor's purse $300, two mile heats—entrance $15.

Third day, Jockey Club purse $800, without discount, four mile heats, entrance $20.

Fourth day, a Colt Sweepstake, two mile heats, $100 entrance, half forfeit, to which there are four subscribers, namely:

1. Jno. Minge enters Peter Lyon's b. c. by Gohanna.
2. Jno. M. Botts enters ch. f. Barbara, by Gohanna, out of Will Cat.
3. Thos. Carter enters ch. f. by Hotspur, dam by Jack Andrews.
4. O. P. Hare enters b. f. Kate Kennon, by Contention, dam Columbia.

Ample accommodations will be provided at the Fairfield Dwelling House.

JNO. MINGE, }
s6 RICHARD ADAMS, } Proprietors.

M'MINNVILLE FALL RACES,

ON Thursday 27th of September, a sweepstake for 2 years old colts—$50 entrance, mile heats, play or pay: 7 subscribers and clos'd.

On Friday 28th of September, sweepstake, for 3 years old colts, mile heats, $25 entrance, play or pay: four subscribers.

On Monday the first day of October a match race between Benjamin Johnson's mare Miss Tonson and Major Robinson's horse Rocky Riverby Steckfield, 3 years old, mile heats, for $1000 in cash, with their entitled weight.

On Tuesday 2d day of October, a match race between Mary Burton by Andrew Jackson, owned by T. B. Henley, and Robinson's horse John by Conquerer, for $ 00 in cash, mile heats, with 20 lbs. on each, both 5 years old.

GEORGE W. JEWEL.
McMinnville, Sept. 1, 1832.

VALLEY COURSE RACES,
NEAR HARPER'S FERRY,

WILL commence on Wednesday, the 19th of September.

First day, a poststake, one mile heats, for three year old colts that have never turned a pole for money. Fifty dollars entrance, p. p., the proprietor to add $100. Entries to be made with Samuel Strider, by the 1st of September.

Second day, a p se of $100, two mile heats; free for any nag carrying weights according to the rules of the present Jockey Club.

Third day, a purse of $75, one mile heats, three best in five, free as above.

Those who enter horses must pay at the rate of ten per cent. entrance.

JACOB FOUKE, *Proprietor.*

The Autumn Races.

RICHMOND TREE-HILL RACES

WILL commence as usual, the 1st Tuesday in October next, and continue four days.

First day, the celebrated stallion stakes—two mile heats—entrance $ 00—play or pay.

1. Jno. M. Botts enters the produce of Gohanna.
2. Jas. J. Harrison enters the produce of Arab.
3. T. Watson enters the produce of Monsieur Tonson.
4. Th. P. Hare enters the produce of Contention.
5. Wm. R. Johnson enters the produce of Medley.
6. Walker Livingston enters the produce of Eclipse.

Second day, proprietor's purse $300—two mile heats.

Third day, Jockey Club Purse $1000—four mile heats.

Fourth day, a proprietor's purse $200—two mile heats.

Also, a sweepstake—two mile heats—entrance $200—half forfeit, and closed.

1. Wm. R. Johnson enters full brother to Polly Jones, ("Herr Cline.")
2. Abner Robinson enters Tonson colt, out of the sister of Sally McGee, ("Sir Walter Scott.")
3. Jno. M. Botts enters Gohanna filley out of Phillis.
4. Jas. M. Selden enters b. f. by Spring Hill, out of Sentinel mare.
5. Jno. M. Botts enters b. c. by Gohanna, out of Dairy Maid, ("Rolla.")

The purses this Race week at Tree-Hill, are worth $3600. The great number of horses in training, and the number of training stables, render it probable that ten or twelve will start for each of the three days' regular purses.

The first day, in the important stallion stakes, there is no forfeit, and it is thought in Old Virginia's best days, that there never were as many colts of first rate promise. The last day's sweepstakes, Herr Cline, the winner of the stakes at New Market

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

From the National Intelligencer.

THE ALTERNATIVE,
Or an Apology for the Board of Health.

Quoth Tom to the Doctor, "My poor brother Ned
Was yesterday taken with cramps, and is dead."
'So-so' says the Doctor, 'his's bean eating squash,
Or lemons, or ices, or some other trash.'
"Ah! no, sir,' says Tom, "he has wholly refrained,
And, obeying your orders, from eating abstained."
'What? died without eating of melon or corn?'
"Alas! 'tis too true, sir," says Tom; "he is gone."
'Ah! well,' quoth the Doctor, with some agitation,
'I have it: the poor fellow died of STARVATION.'

A DECEITFUL LOVER.

Mrs. Daly, a widow about three feet tall, with a back similar to Richard the Third's, and a lead-us-not-into-temptation sort of countenance, charged one Tom Kennedy, a real out-and-outer, with promising her marriage, and robbing her of 23 golden sovereigns. It would appear that the widow fell in love with Tom, and Tom with the widow's money; and, notwithstanding Master Kennedy had a wife living, he promised Mrs. Daly to take her "for better or worse." The banns were accordingly published at St. Pancras, but the artful Tom took especial care to go to the church for the celebration of the ceremony at a time when he knew it could not be performed—This apparent act of sincerity totally set aside all her scruples, and she at once took out her money from the Savings' Bank, and placed it in her affianced husband's hands. They then agreed to spend a few days at Brighton, and have the nuptials celebrated on their return. Off they started, and Tom so *insinuated* himself into the good graces of the fair dame, that they made one bed serve them both. One morning, however, her dear Thomas was missing from her side. At once the dreadful truth flash'd upon her mind, and she exclaimed, with heartfelt sorrow, "Now, indeed, I am undone!" She, however, hastened to town, and, after strict search, found out the violater of promises. Her rage was such that she charged him with robbery, and upon her statement Mr. Keanedy was remanded for a week. The above facts at length came out, and the prisoner was discharged, much to the chagrin of the widow Daly.—*London Observer.*

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.—A few years ago, the Whitehaven company of comedians were performing at a temporary theatre at Wigton, England. The green-room was a stable, and the other out-buildings being completely occupied, the said green-room was the only residence for a poor unfortunate calf, just taken from the cow. This proved a very noisy companion, particularly in the early part of the evening, before the juvenile ox was supplied with his supper. To remedy the evil, the performers (in rotation, or as they could oblige each other) hit upon the plan of holding their fingers in his mouth during every scene of interest; and whilst employed in gnawing the digits, he was tolerably quiet.

On one occasion, however, when Harry Johnston was "starring it," as Richard, the animal was left alone, and the following scene ensued:

Lady Anne—Would that I knew thy heart!
Richard—'Tis figured in my speech.
(*Calf*—Baa! baa!)
(*Richard*—Some of you go to the calf.)
Lady Anne—I fear me both are false.
Richard—Then never man was true.
(*Calf*—Baa! baa!)
(*Richard*—Why the devil don't one of you go and give the calf your fingers to suck?)

The confusion of the actors and the mirth of the audience may be easily imagined.

A west-country barrister, having purchased a horse at Tattersall's, (London,) remained to see how the others went off. After staying some time, in the course of which a dozen horses had been knocked down to him, without any consciousness of the fact on his part, a friend came up to him and exclaimed—"Halloo!—what a hell of a lot of horses you have bought! I suppose you are going to horse the mail?" The barrister declared he had purchased but one; the auctioneer, on the other hand, was equally sure he had winked to him at every lot. An explanation ensued; when it was found that the barrister had the infirmity of continually winking one eye, and hence this laughable mistake.

Eng. Sporting Mag.

Lord Howe used to give the following account of one of his crew, an Irishman—"The fellow was brave, but a little too fond of a can of grog, yet never omitted to repeat this prayer every night as he went to his hammock—'I never murdered any man, and no man ever murdered me; then God bless all mankind.—Amen.'"

Sir John Malcolm, hearing that Lady Katharine G. had missed Lord M. said, "Aweel! aweel! sae cannie a lassie is sure to get anither *man-soon*."

Diogenes being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes, arrayed most magnificently. Smiling, he exclaimed, "This is pride." Afterwards meeting with some Lacedomonians in a mean and scroll dress, he said, "And this also is pride."

A DAMPER.—Some years ago a student at Dartmouth College, having assigned to him the task of writing a composition, and feeling under the benign influence of Apollo and the Nine at the time, produced what he considered an elegant and finished piece of blank verse. He handed it to the Professor, (a plain, matter-of-fact man, who knew nothing of the flights of fancy,) while a smile of self-complacency illuminated his countenance. The Professor, 'with spectacles on nose,' ran his eye rapidly over the page, then, turning to the exulting student, said, in his peculiarly slow and dignified manner—"I have more than once already told you that capital letters should be used only at the beginning of a sentence, when commencing the name of the Deity, and all proper names, but I find you have commenced *every line* with capitals." "True, sir, but *this is poetry*," said the student, somewhat chop-fallen. "Oho! this is poetry, is it? indeed, *I was not aware of that!*"—Exeter News-Letter.

HEN TS. HOI, A DUTCHMAN'S STORY.—"Mine Cot, Hauns, you may talk so much as you may pe a mind to apout te hog's peing te contrariest animal, put te hen is so much more contrary a dood deal.—Vy, no longer ago on tother day, I try to make te hen set—I poot te eggs under her—I make te nest all up dood—poot te hen on, put she no set—I jam her town on te eggs, put she vill 'op right up. Den I makes a leetle pox, pout so pig von way, (measuring with his hands) and 'pout so pig tother way—den I poots te hen on te nest, and jest takes and poots te leetle pox right over her. Ven I jest raises von corner of te leetle pox to see vether she pe setting, I pe tam if I tont find te tam pitch *set* a *standing!*—[Middlesex Telegraph.]

TRUE AS THE BOOK.—The Boston Transcript, with no less truth than pathos, thus saith—"PRINTERS cannot live upon air, although they eschew water-melons, cucumbers, paving stones, birch bark, and all similar nutriment. They cannot print for nothing and find themselves; if they did, their friends would soon find them under the care of Doctor Badlam, in the Poor Debtor's Hospital. Competition has already reduced them so near to the starving point that there is no fun in it."—Not a but will respond every printer.

A young woman being to take her oath before a justice of the peace, as a witness in some cause, the examiner asked her by what title he should set her down, whether maid, wife, or widow? "O certainly a maid!" said she, "for I never was married." He seeing her a handsome, agreeable girl, asked her how old she was—she answered four and twenty. "How," said he, "four and twenty! have a care my girl, what you say; remember you are now on your oath—may I safely set you down a maid at these years?" The girl, struck with the question, and considering a while with herself, said, "I pray you, sir, to avoid all mistakes, write me down *young woman*."

SOLID CHARMS.

"Whose tender sigh, and trickling tear,
Longs for five hundred pounds a year."
BUTLER

"Upon my soul," exclaimed Ned Gumption, as he knelt before the Widow Wimple, "I love the very ground you stand upon."

This was in fact no exaggeration—no flattery. It was literally true, for she happened to be standing upon her own ground, which was part and parcel of a very valuable farm. The Widow was pretty old, and prodigiously homely. Ned was young, and well looking. The Widow was rich, and Ned was poor. His therefore spoke the truth when he professed an affection for the Widow's land—which is more than every lover feels himself bound to do.

"I love the very ground you stand upon," said he, seizing her hand, and kissing it with great zeal.

'I dare say it's any *ground* you love,' said the widow, leering kindly upon him, and graciously permitting him to devour her wrinkled hand.

"I swear I—"

'Tut! tut!' said the widow, pressing her hand upon his mouth, 'you musn't swear.'

"By your bright eyes, I was going to say."

'Oh, you flattering rogue!' exclaimed the old lady, looking still more kindly upon the ardent lover, 'you don't mean what you say, I know you don't.'

"Do you want me to swear it again?—By heavens, madam, you have forty thousand charms."

'Ah! now, you're thinking of dollars all the time. That's the way with you men; when you talk of our charms, you think only of our money, our houses, lands, goods and chattels.'

Though the widow said this, and believed it to be true in general, yet in regard to herself she took all her young lover said to be the sincere truth, and no flattery. What she asserted with her tongue, therefore, she contradicted with her eyes.

'You men,' continued she, 'are all deceivers. You praise the charms of us poor weak women'—

"But yours, madam," said the lover vehemently, "are real solid charms."

'What can be more solid,' returned the widow, 'than this *ground* you love so well, or the *forty thousand* charms you spoke of? Ah, Mr. Gumption, I doubt you're after all but a gay deceiver.'

"Deceive! I declare upon my soul, Mrs. Wimple, I love you severely. Your attractions are ineffable."

Thus Ned Gumption made love to the widow—not by halves, but like a man who is determined to accomplish his object. The widow was not proof against such vigorous and well-directed efforts. She permitted herself to be led, nothing loth, to the altar of Hymen. But mark the sequel.

What the old lady affected to believe the object of her lover's affections, she soon found to be so in reality. Her loving husband contrived, the first night after their marriage, to kick her out of bed. He declared, indeed, it was all an accident. He raised her from the floor, rubbed her poor old joints with spirits of camphor, and professed the deepest regret for having, though involuntarily, caused her a moment's pain; but he was apt, he said, to be very restless o' nights, and he could not answer for his unquiet demeanor, especially in his dreams.

He helped the old lady into bed again.—But, in a short time, he was troubled with the same restless dreams, which were followed by the same disastrous result to the good woman as before. He helped her up a second time, attended to her bruises, and did all he could, by kind professions and tender apologies, to soothe and comfort her; but as he was, unfortunately for both their sakes, of so restless a turn, and was likely to prove so uncomfortable a sleeping partner, he modestly suggested to his affectionate wife, whether it would not be better on the whole that they should thereafter sleep apart.

After the specimens she had just had, and was likely to have, Mrs. Gumption did not object; and separate beds were provided.—But the husband began to throw off the mask too early. His wife had not yet invested him with the fee-simple of those "solid charms" which he so fondly aimed at; and now that the cloven foot began to appear, she resolved that he should enjoy them as little as possible during her life, and have neither part nor lot in them after her death.

When he fell in love with the solid charms aforesaid, he had calculated that the king of terrors would shortly rid him of the encumbrance of the widow; and that he should be left to the free enjoyment of the wealth he coveted. But death was not so accommodating. Finding his approach too slow, he would willingly have hastened his lagging steps; and, among other modes of doing so, he purchased a wild young horse for the old lady to drive in her gig, that so, peradventure, she might be upset, and get her neck broke! But the old lady refused to drive the colt; and so the benevolent design of her husband was frustrated.

She was very much troubled with a cough, for which she was in the habit of taking paregoric. Her husband thought it was a great pity her complaint should not be thoroughly cured, instead of being merely palliated; and he therefore procured some paregoric to be made of the strength of laudanum.

"My dear," said he, as he brought it home, "I have here some of the newly improved paregoric; I think you will find it very serviceable to your cough."

'You give yourself too much trouble, my love,' said the old lady; 'you are quite too solicitous about my health. For my part, I am very well satisfied with the old kind of paregoric.'

She refused to touch the improved medicine; and so the benevolent intentions of her husband were again frustrated. In short, Mrs. Gumption, somehow or other, contrived to upset all the plans of her dear spouse for hastening her out of the world, and declared she would not die to please him. He had taken her for better or for worse; and of the latter part, he should at least have his full measure. She lived to be nearly a hundred years old; and, when she died, repaid the sincerity and affection of her husband by bequeathing all her property to found a hospital for lunatics.

Poor Ned Gumption!—his jaw fell six inches, as the will was read to him: he indignantly dried his widowed tears, tore off his mourning weeds, and swore that, the next time he married an old woman for her money, he hoped the devil would fly away with him.

Constellation.

The Autumn Races.

FALL RACES,
OVER THE UNION COURSE, LONG ISLAND.

THE Fall Races over this Course will take place the first week of October next. The purses will be run for on the second, third and fourth days of said month—heats of three, two, and four miles. The amount of each, with particulars, will be given in a future advertisement.

In addition to which the following stakes (three of which yet remain open) will be contended for:

Poststake, all ages, $1000 each, p. p. four mile heats; to come off Monday, October 1st, and to close on the 10th of September next—three entries or no race. Three year olds 90 lbs.; four years 104 lbs.; five years 111 lbs.; six years 121 lbs.; aged 126 126 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 200 dollars each, half forfeit, mile heats—colts 90 lbs.; fillies 87 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off on the 2d of October, and to close Sept. 10th. Three subscribers or no race.

Sweepstakes, for three year olds, 150 dollars each, 50 dollars forfeit, mile heats; colts 90 lbs.; fillies 87 lbs.; 3 lbs. allowed to mares and geldings—to come off Oct. 3d; five subscribers; closed June 1st, 1832.

Sweepstake, all ages, 200 dollars each, half forfeit, two mile heats; to carry weight as in the poststakes above; to come off October 4th and to close on the 10th of September next: three entries or no race.

Gentlemen who wish to subscribe to either of the above stakes which yet remain open, will please to signify the same in person, or by letter addressed to the undersigned.

C. R. COLDEN, *Clerk of the Course.*
Union Course, Jamaica, N. Y.

DUTCHESS CO. RACES,
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

THE Fall Races over the Dutchess County Course will commence on Tuesday, October 2d, and continue three days.

First day, at 12 o'clock, sweepstakes for three year old colts, two miles out, for 200 dollars each, 100 dollars forfeit; six subscribers.

At 2 o'clock, two mile heats, purse 200 dollars.

Second day, at 12 o'clock, one mile heats, purse 100 dollars, free for any colt, three years old or under, bred in the counties of Dutchess or Columbia.

At 2 o'clock, three mile heats, purse 300 dolls.

Third day, at 2 o'clock, four mile heats, purse 500 dollars.

Poughkeepsie, July 9, 1832.

CENTRAL COURSE,
BALTIMORE, MD.—STAKES NOW OPEN.

CHATEAU MARGAUX STAKES. A post sweepstakes will be run for on the 2d day of the next fall meeting, 2 miles out. Entrance $300, p. p. Each gentleman over twenty-one years of age to ride his own horse. Four or more to make a race. The winner to pay six dozen of Chateau Margaux wine to the club. To close the first day of August. To this there are already eight subscribers.

2. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, bred and owned in the state of Maryland and District of Columbia, two mile heats.—Entrance $100, h. f: to run first day of fall meeting, 1832. Four or more to make a race. To close and name 1st of October.

3. A post sweepstakes for next fall, free for all ages, four mile heats. Entrance $500, p. p.—the proprietor to add $1,000; four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October. Subscribers, Jno. C. Stevens, Wm. R. Johnson, J. M. Selden.

4. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of September.

5. A sweepstakes for colts and fillies, three years old, (that have never won a race,) to run next fall meeting, two mile heats. Entrance $200, h. f: four or more to make a race. To close 1st of October.

CUSICK'S RACE COURSE
NEAR BRIDGEPORT, OHIO.

FOUR Days racing, commencing on Tuesday 2d day of October next.

First day a purse of $50 two rounds and repeat. Entrance $5.

Second day, a purse of $75, three rounds and repeat. Entrance $7 50.

Third day a purse of $100 four rounds and repeat. Entrance $10.

Fourth day a handycap purse of $30 to be run for, the three best in five. Entrance $3.

The racing will be agreeable to the rules of Jones track Elizabethtown (Grave creek.) The proprietor pledges himself to have the track in complete order.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES,
SAVANNAH, GA.

A SWEEPSTAKE for Colt's two years old, (reckoning from May-day)—2 mile heats—entrance $200 p. p. will be run for the day preceding the next regular races, which will take place during the last week in January next. Entries to be made with the Secretary any time before the 1st of December next, at which time the Book will be closed.

A Colt is already entered.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD, *Secry.*

MILLEDGEVILLE RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of the Milledgeville (Geo.) Jockey Club, will commence on Tuesday, the 16th of October.

First day, a sweepstake, free for any horse, one mile heats; entrance $25.

Second day, colts' race, free for any colt that has not won a race; entrance $50.

Third day, three mile heats, free for any horse; entrance $75.

Fourth day, one mile heats, three best in five, free for any horse; entrance $20.

R. H. SMITH, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

RACING.

THE annual racings of the Washington Jockey club will commence on Wednesday the 12th of September, and continue four days.

JOHN W. ANDERSON, *Secretary.*
Washington, Ky., Aug 6th, 1832.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES,
LANCASTER, PA.

THE Fall Races for 1832, over the Hamilton Course (near Lancaster) will commence on Tuesday, the 18th day of September, and continue four days.

First day, a sweepstakes, mile heats, for three year olds, 100 dollars entrance, half forfeit: to close on the first day of September.

Same day, a purse of 100 dollars, mile heats: entrance 25 dollars, to be added to the purse. One horse must win three heats to be entitled to this day's purse.

Second day, two mile heats, purse 200 dollars.

Third day, three mile heats, purse 300 dollars.

Fourth day, four mile heats, purse 500 dollars.

The above purses are free for all horses carrying weight agreeably to the rules of the course.—All entries for the above *colt's* race must be made with EDWARD PARKER.
June 25th, 1832. *Treasurer.*

TO SPORTSMEN
OF TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY.

NOTICE is hereby given to the sportsmen of each of the above named States, that the subscriber has opened a RACE TRACK at Columbia, Adair county, Ky. which is said to be, by persons who are experienced in the business of racing, and who have had frequent opportunities of judging, not unfrequently, but rather superior to any track now in either of the States. If the Lexingtonians and Nashvillians, they whom it is believed, own and run the best horses in their respective States, wish to contend with each other and meet upon half way ground, the Columbia Turf is the place. If any number of men with their horses, wish to be accommodated, when they come to Columbia, to the races or on other business, they can call on the subscriber.—He occupies the large and commodious brick building, formerly occupied as a Tavern by John Graham, and has supplied himself amply with every thing necessary for the entertainment of travellers.

m 61 JAMES MOORE.

Sporting Stores.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly and River Bag rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,
No. 3 Wall st. cor. New st. opposite the Church

*** Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

FISHING & FOWLING TACKLE

CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 112 Maiden Lane, near Broadway, New-York—Gut, Grass, Hair, Silk, and Hemp Lines, Hickory, Ash, Hazel, and Bamboo Rods, either solid or in the Walking Stick, for Fly and other fishing. Single and Compound Reels of superior quality. Hoops and Netts—Fishing Baskets—Artificial Baits of all kinds—Fish hooks of every description. Swivels, brass or steel—Swivel Leads—Bait Needles—Disgorgers—Bait Boxes—and Floats of all sizes.

Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Netts—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 395 Pearl street to No. 52 Fulton-street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz. fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking. J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

HINTON'S
WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
194 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitably for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do.—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes; do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls; percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets &c &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valises and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the neatest manner and at the shortest notice.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store; and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or without Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel sinkers, floats, artificial baits such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABRM BROWER,
230 Water street.

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Self-definder, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS,
☞ Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st. opposite the Wall-street church.

*** VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

TO SPORTSMEN.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker. 6th edition in 8vo. enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his 'Instructions to Sportsmen,' the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

R. N. WHITE.

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

Miscellaneous.

LITHOGRAPHY.

ENDICOTT & SWEET, Lithographers, Publishers and Printsellers, No. 111 Nassau street.

Orders for original designs and drawings, or copies of Portraits, Landscapes, Views of Buildings, Portraits from Life of Horses, Dogs, and other animals.

Maps, Charts Cards, Circulars, Transfers, or any thing connected with the above art, will meet with prompt personal attention.

A general assortment of colored and plain Lithographic Prints constantly on hand.

Neither trouble or expense have been spared to render our establishment complete, and we shall take pleasure at all times in shewing specimens of our own work.

New York, Sept. 1st, 1832.

LANSING & MORSE,
ENGRAVERS ON WOOD,
175 BROADWAY,
st NEW YORK.

PRINTS & STATIONERY.
TO PRINT DEALERS AND OTHERS.

CHEAP Fancy articles constantly to be had at ARMSTRONG'S, 203 Division street. A variety of English Landscapes and Scraps, on hand. Also, Songs, Dibdin's Dyeliees, Devil on Two Sticks, Shakspeare's works, &c. &c.

Price Lists gratis to the Trade.

Louis Philip, General Lafayette, Don Pedro and other well known persons, may be had colored in a superior style. All the different Presidents of the U. S. from General Washington to Jackson. Also, Horse Clay, Wm. Wirt, &c.

TO DENTISTS.

GOLD, Silver, Platina, and Tin Foils of superior quality, and warranted, are offered to the Dentists at the lowest prices, at the manufactory, No. 67 Waits street, by

st GEORGE S. WAITE.

R. N. WHITE.
ENGRAVER ON WOOD
No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW YORK.

TO SPORTSMEN.

To all Sportsmen feeling interested in the superiority and fleetness of the Blood Horse.

GENTLEMEN—We, the proprietors of a Horse called SWEET BRIER, bred in Madison County, sired by the famous horse Moonshine, bred by Gen. Coles, Long Island, his dam by the well known Imported horse old Magician Bonsam, his color a bright bay, full sixteen hands high, five years old, his form and figure rarely equalled in the blood horse; his lofty air and superior action are inexcellable, his stock is of the highest grade, which alone would rank him a blazing star among his competitors; but these are not all the qualifications with which this wonderful animal is possessed. We have abundant confidence that his gallant strides cannot be overtaken in a single quarter by any horse on the Continent. The sincerity of this opinion we pledge ourselves to support within the bounds of our property.

This noble animal we now offer for sale for the sum of $3000 warranted to outrun any horse that can be produced, or no sale. The proprietors also pledge themselves to hazard five hundred dollars for testing his speed, 80 rods, against any horse, mare, or gelding, in the known world, carrying 142 lbs or Catch riders, after having due notice. The contesting horse must meet Sweet Briar on the Sullivan race course in Madison County. GEORGE EHLE.
JACOB LOWER.

Chittenango, Madison Co., N. Y. Aug. 20, 1832.

N. B. SWEET BRIER, like Alexander the Great, stamps the earth in rage, neighing for a Competitor. 37—8w

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.

J. B. CARVER 113 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and incessantly manufacturing, Light pleasure harness, of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832

S. D. CHILDS,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,
97 LIBERTY STREET,
NEW-YORK.

L. I. COHEN,

REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer, and importer of Fancy Articles, 71 William-street New-York.

DR. I. FRANCIS,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York

REMOVAL.

JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST, has removed his office from 294 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞ Entrance in Duane street.

REMOVAL.

DR S BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

ACCOUNT BOOKS,
STATIONARY, &C.

WILLIAM C. TAYLOR, Jr. No. 55 WALL-STREET, a few doors south of the Merchant's Exchange, has constantly on hand, at the most liberal prices, ACCOUNT BOOKS of every description and of superior quality.

Likewise a select and general assortment of Stationary, at the Lowest market prices.

Blank Books ruled to any pattern, and bound in the best style, by long experienced and first-rate workmen.

BLANKS, of all kinds; Visiting Cards, Sealing Wax, Lead Pencils, Ink Stands, Wafers, Quills, Ink, Slates, Pounce, all kinds of metallic Pens, Pocket Books, &c. &c. always on hand.

☞ Bills of Lading, Notes of Hand, Checks, and all other blank printing executed with neatness, accuracy and despatch.

☞ A few copies of the Life of Stephen Girard remaining on hand. Aug. 1832

R. H. ELTON,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 137 DIVISION-ST.
NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate Ships, Merchandize, &c. &c. Office, 100, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

CANADA NOTES bought at the lowest rates, by SYLVESTER

PRIZE OFFICE.

☞ All Foreign or New York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 141 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

Cholera Medicines

AS prescribed according to the report of the Edinburgh Medical Board of Health, on the mode of preventing and treating the Cholera—warranted Genuine to be had at 195 Pearl street where may be had any kind of Cholera medicines warranted of the best quality.

Amusements, &c.

CASTLE GARDEN.

H. MARSH, Proprietor of this celebrated and well known Summer Retreat, has the pleasure of informing his patrons and the public that it is now open for the season.

Since the close of the Garden, extensive and important alterations and improvements have been made, and it is now fitted up in a style of splendor and magnificence exceeding by far any other establishment of the kind in the city—the whole having been designed and executed by Messrs F. Grain and Assistants.

The well known and justly celebrated Military Band, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as Leader, is re-engaged, and will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. every pleasant evening during the season.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents, for which refreshments will be furnished at the bar.

THATCHED COTTAGE GARDEN,
JERSEY CITY.

SAMUEL S LYNCH Late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June—tf

OCEAN HOUSE.
At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

CAPT. JAMES PENNOYER respectfully informs the Public that the above House, under the superintendence of Mr. LAWRENCE STILLMAN, is now open for the Season.

This ESTABLISHMENT, being in the immediate vicinity of the OCEAN, offers rare inducements to persons desirous of enjoying the luxuries during the Summer Months, of a *Sea Breeze*, and of *Sea or River Bathing*.

The new Steamboat DAVID BROWN leaves New-York from Fulton Market Wharf every day (except Thursday) for the above place, and lands passengers within Fifty Yards of the House. Persons leaving the city in the morning, can remain nearly six hours, and return by 6 o'clock, P. M.

Boats, Fishing Tackle, Bait, &c. can be obtained at any time.

WATERING PLACE.
No. 44 Bowery, 1st door south of the Theatre.

J. CAIN & CO. Proprietors of this establishment, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have fitted up the various apartments of their Hotel in a style of comfort and accommodation unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in the city, and that in addition to the well known genuineness of their entertainments for strangers and residents, they have finished their Ten-pin Alley on a plan of superior commodiousness and beauty, where gentlemen of the most scrupulous morality may freely enjoy the healthiest and most invigorating exercise, apart from certain pernicious practices which are too common in houses of public entertainment.

The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of unexceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit. J. CAIN & CO.

FOR LONG BRANCH,
EATONTOWN, RED BANK, AND THE OCEAN HOUSE, AT SHREWSBURY INLET.

The new and elegant steamboat DAVID BROWN, Capt. James Pennoyer, will commence her regular trips for the above places on Sunday morning next, August 5th, running alternately to Eatontown and Red Bank in the following order, viz:—

Will leave Fulton Market wharf for Eatontown every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday: For Red Bank every Tuesday, Friday and Saturday morning, at 8 o'clock. Returning, she will leave from each place at 12 o'clock noon, stopping at the Ocean House Dock, at Shrewsbury Inlet, until 1-2 past 3 o'clock P. M. each day. By the above arrangement passengers will have an opportunity to remain at Long Branch several hours—sufficient time to bathe, dine, &c. and return to the city at an early hour in the afternoon. Stages will always be in attendance to convey passengers to Long Branch and other parts of the country—Fare to and from Eatontown, Red Bank, and Shrewsbury Inlet, 50 cents each way.

A trip to the Ocean House at Shrewsbury Inlet, or to Long Branch, is not surpassed by any similar excursion in the vicinity of New-York.

Boats, fishing tackle and bait always to be had at the Ocean House of L. Stillman.

FRIENDSHIP TAVERN.

BY Mrs. Williams, 424 1-2 Bowery, New York. Harmonic Meetings Tuesday an Saturday evenings.

THE SERAPHINE,
A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, INVENTED BY C. G. CHRISTMAN, 308 PEARL-ST.

AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Seraphine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of diminuendo and crescendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr Christman's Music store may be procured eight keyed Flutes, Accordians, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautiful song Green Hills of Tyral, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by C. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

PARTHENON
Reading Room and Circulating Library.

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object also, of the proprietor, will be to furnish the subscribers with a more immediate and regular supply of New Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

The connexion with the Library of an amply provided Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages, as for much less than the cost of one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodical be sides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Room are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Book-seller and Stationer, No. 252 Broadway.

A CARD.

REAL Estate and City Registering office, No 197 Pearl street. Office